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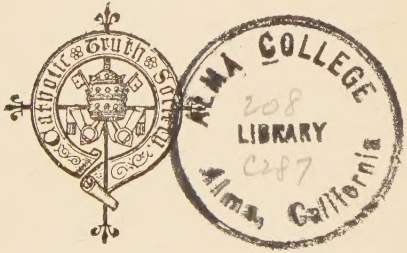
Publications

of the

Catholic Truth Society

VOL. XLVI



LONDON
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.
245 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. ; 22 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1901

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CONTENTS.

Canon Bathurst. By F. Bernard Wilberforce, O.P.
The Protestant Rule of Faith an Impossible One. By Mgr. John S. Vaughan.
The First Experiment in Civil and Religious Liberty. By James Carmont.
Wilfulness and its Consequences. By Lady Herbert.
Jesuit Obedience. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Setting of a Great Hope. By C. M. Home.
St. Simon Stock. By Mrs. Franz Liebich.
The Conservative Genius of the Church. By Wilfrid Ward.

CANON BATHURST

By the Rev. BERTRAND WILBERFORCE, O.P.

Stuart Eyre, afterwards Canon, Bathurst, was one of the many who owed their conversion to the Oxford Movement. He was a native of London, being born in Baker Street on the 10th of December 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo. His father was an officer who had a distinguished career and was aide-de-camp to Wellington during the Peninsular War. He rose to be General Sir James Bathurst, K.C.B., retiring from the army in 1814. During the next year he married Caroline Stuart, daughter of the first Earl of Castle Stuart. There was a large family of six boys and three girls, Stuart being the eldest. Shortly after the birth of his eldest son, General Bathurst moved to the little village of Wookey in Somersetshire, and lived in a house called Somerleaze.

Wookey is a typical English village nestling under the shadow of the Mendip hills, about three miles from the ancient city of Wells. The grey tower of the parish church of Wookey rises up to-day among the green foliage of the trees, just as it did in olden times when it was a Catholic church, and all the countryside came there to hear Mass.

In this village Stuart Bathurst spent his early years. One of his brothers, still living, writes of him: "I am unable to give many details about dear Stuart's life as a boy, but I remember he was a quiet, very good-tempered child, never giving his parents any anxiety. He was fond of riding and shooting, and was first-rate as a boy at cricket. He used to bowl me out in no time; I could not stand against him.

"At nine years old he went with me to Harvey Marriot's at Bath, a private school, where we remained till my father obtained for us both a nomination to Winchester College, which he entered about 1827, and remained there till 1834."

His sister Catherine, who was the only one of his immediate family who followed him into the Catholic Church, writes of her brother Stuart that as a boy and young man he was singularly innocent in life, full of high spirits, but most obedient to the somewhat stern discipline of his father's house. General Bathurst, used to military discipline, brought up his family with some strictness. Nothing like extravagance was tolerated; and novels, which he regarded with much horror, were rigidly excluded from the house. No doubt this discipline was of much advantage, and the self-denial in which he was trained helped to form the utterly unselfish character of his after life.

During his course at Winchester he had as fellow students Roundell Palmer, afterwards Lord High Chancellor, and the first Earl of Selborne, whose brother became a Catholic and wrote much upon the Greek Church; William Monsell, afterwards Lord Emly, and William George Ward, both of whom, as future converts, did much for the Catholic Church in England.

After leaving Winchester, where so much both in the College and Cathedral remains to remind the boys of William of Wykeham and the old Catholic days, Stuart entered Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1834, where he took his degree, becoming B.A. in 1837 and M.A. in 1840. Between these dates he was elected to a Fellowship at Merton College.

In 1842 he was ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England, and his college presented him to the living of Holywell, Oxford, where, however, he only remained for a short time, as he was soon appointed to the more important living of Kibworth in Leicestershire.

Some details of Mr. Bathurst's life at Kibworth are given in the Appendix to this sketch, and from them we can form a good idea of his zeal and disinterested charity and of the affection with which he was regarded by his flock. It was during this time that he came to the momentous conclusion that he was not in the one true Church of God.

The Oxford Movement had been going on for some years, and during his residence in the University and in his life as a parish clergyman he had followed its progress with intense interest, though he does not appear to have taken any active part in it.

Some letters written to his sister show the earnestness with

which he was searching for the truth. The first was written from Kibworth, April 30th, 1850.

His sister had evidently been tempted, by the confusion of the Church of England and the want of all definite teaching, to doubt whether there were any true Church or any revelation of which we could be certain. She consulted her brother, who replied in the following letter:—

"My dear Kate,

"I am sorry that you should still be tried with the kind of thoughts your note plainly tells me of. My earnest prayers you have had and shall continue to have.

"Our Blessed Lord's words, 'Tell it unto the *Church*,' Matt. xviii. 17—Acts ii. 47, 'The Lord added to the *Church* daily such as should be saved'—Acts viii. 1, 'At that time . . . . against the *Church*'—1 Tim. iii. 5, 'The *Church* of the living God, which is the pillar and ground of the truth'—these texts, with innumerable other ones, imply plainly the existence of a Society. History bears witness that there always has been a Society calling itself the Church since the days of the Apostles. Moreover, till the 16th century, only one kind of Society, viz., that governed by Bishops, claimed that name.

"Well then, such texts as the following imply a certain doctrine to be believed—'Hold fast the form of sound words which thou hast heard of me,' 2 Tim. i. 13; and Jude iii. 3, 'Earnestly contend for the *faith* which was once delivered to the saints.' Also 1 John, verse 10: 'If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed.' These, with many others, imply a body of truth.

"Then we are warned by such texts as the following that the idea of keeping to the Faith would be opposed as the world grew old, 'There shall be false teachers among you,' etc., bringing in heresies that touch our Blessed Lord's Incarnation. All Christian doctrine is grounded on—has its source, if I may say so, in—the Incarnation; and all denial of Christian doctrine tends towards a denial of the Incarnation; is, in fact, a spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh—*vide* 1 John iv. Also 2 Tim. iv.: 'For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap to them-

selves teachers, having itching ears, and they shall turn away their ears *from the truth* and shall be turned unto fables:' 2 Tim. iii. 7: 'Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth'—implying the fixedness of truth, and unfixedness, uncertainty of everything else.

"Read also 2 Thess. ii., where is plainly implied a Body of Truth, or the Faith to be kept to.

"Now, we know again from history that this same Society, the Church, has always maintained this idea, that there is a Body of Truth to be kept to. At the Reformation our people maintained that they had not *departed* from the Body of Truth, whilst the greater part of Christendom said we did, and as you know, I am inclined to believe that this late decision has been providentially ordered, and is an indication that our people did wrong at the Reformation (whether consciously or not I need not enquire) and did depart in principle from the Faith once delivered; and that the text 'Be sure your sin will find you out,' is now perhaps being fulfilled. Of course, I say this on the supposition that our Bishops—or rather I will say our Lord, whose truth it is—will not maintain the doctrine impugned, and that the judgment given will become the law of the English Communion. Should it turn out otherwise, then perhaps I should have greater confidence in our position. The Archdeacon,[1] I think, is in town, and I would advise you to see him. May God be with you.—Your affectionate "S. BATHURST."

The decision which Mr. Bathurst looked on as a providential sign that the Church of England was not the "pillar and ground of the Truth," must have been the celebrated Gorham case, decided by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council early in 1850. Mr. Gorham, a Low Church clergyman, had been presented by the Lord Chancellor to the Vicarage of Bampford Speke, in the diocese of Exeter. The Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Philpotts, refused to institute Mr. Gorham, on the ground that he did not believe in baptismal regeneration. The case came before the Court of Arches, the old court of the Archbishop of Canterbury in Catholic times, and the decision was against Mr. Gorham. He appealed to the highest authority, the Queen in Privy Council, instead of

[1] No doubt Archdeacon Manning, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

the Pope as visible Head of the Church. The Privy Council decided in the plainest terms against the Bishop, and in favour of Mr. Gorham, the highest authority of the English Church thus declaring that a clergyman could hold a benefice although he denied the necessity of Baptism.

Theoretically the Bishop teaches in the person of every beneficed clergyman in his diocese. Every Bishop of the English Established Church is therefore obliged by law to teach that Baptism is absolutely necessary for salvation, and at the same time wholly unnecessary. What a man does through another, he does himself. As every clergyman teaches by the authority of the Bishop, and as by the law every Bishop is obliged to authorize both extreme High Churchmen and extreme Low Churchmen, both teaching by his authority, it follows that every Bishop is obliged to teach his diocese that Baptism is at once necessary and unnecessary.

This decision opened the eyes of a large number to the real nature of the Established Church, and helped to convince them that "our people did wrong at the Reformation, and did depart in principle from the Faith once delivered" to the Saints.

Many, indeed, felt that it was fatal to the claim of the English Church that the question could be raised as doubtful in the nineteenth century of Christianity; but still more fatal was it felt to be when the anti-Christian decision was quietly acquiesced in by bishops, clergy, and people, and acted on in practice.

Mr. Henry William Wilberforce, Vicar in 1850 of East Farleigh in Kent, felt this as strongly as Mr. Bathurst. He went to hear the judgment of the Court, fearing that it might be an ambiguous sentence—the trumpet, as is usual in the English Church, blowing an uncertain sound. When, therefore, the judgment was delivered clearly and decidedly he said aloud, *Deo gratias!* A Protestant gentleman standing near expressed surprise that he should thank God for such a judgment, so contrary to the ideas of his party. "I am thankful," replied Mr. Wilberforce, "that the judgment is so clear, for I could as soon remain in a church that worshipped Jupiter!" Accordingly before the end of the year he was received into the Catholic Church.

Mr. Bathurst was now so unsettled in mind that he left Kibworth and retired to a quiet lodging at Weston-super-Mare,

where he remained for a time to reflect on the question, so momentous and irrevocable, of a radical change of religion. From there he wrote to his sister on August 1, 1850:—

"My dear Kate,

"I came hither from Cornwall on Tuesday last, and propose staying here a week or ten days, after which time I am not sure what my plans will be.

"I have read the Archdeacon's letter, which comes to much the same conclusion as Archdeacon Wilberforce's charge, namely, that unless certain statutes are repealed, the Church of England can no longer claim to be a part of the Church Catholic. This the Archdeacon seems to say will follow in consequence of certain acts of 300 years' standing, the principles of which are now coming out into clearer daylight. This seems to me to be his as well as his brother Archdeacon's line of thought; but then one has to remember that the Church of Rome maintains, that such consequences as the former *look forward to*, things remaining as they are, *have already* come to pass, and that in consequence of what was done 300 years ago, we *are now* severed from the One Church. Now giving both parties equal credit for goodness, learning, etc., I cannot help going along with the judgment of the larger body, taking all things into account.

"Moreover, I must own that it seems to me, that if the Church of Rome is wrong upon this point it may be wrong on any other; and then, to my mind, we come back to the conclusion that there is no teacher in the world to be trusted to, and this I cannot believe.

"Our Blessed Lord is still our Prophet, as well as Priest and King, and if our Prophet, then an infallible one. The long and short of it is this: either our Divines maintain what is in accordance with the teaching of the Holy Spirit, in saying that we are true members of the one Catholic Church, or the Divines of the Church of Rome maintain what is in accordance with that same Spirit, in saying that we are mistaken on that head, and that to be Catholics we must be *in visible communion with St. Peter's Chair*: *both* these teachings cannot be true, and I own I seem to feel more and more strongly that the history of the last 300 years seems to decide in favour of Rome.

"I will not enter into other points at all, because I have no right, nor do I wish to seem to try to influence you. I only

hope you will strive to guard against anything like a murmuring or complaining spirit. Your last question—Why should it be so hard to know what is right?—made me feel a little as though such a spirit was trying you. Depend upon it, whatever difficulty there may seem to be, will only be one amongst *all* things, which, we are told, work together for good to them that love God.

"I do not feel that I have any reason for putting off giving up Kibworth; I shall do so, I believe, at the end of this month. It is quite true that there is great responsibility in deciding that we are not in the Church; but then in the case of those before whom the question has been brought, it seems to me there is a like responsibility in deciding and acting as though we were. One may be propping up what is a sham, and so opposing the Church.

"The one thing I have certainly settled is that I cannot any longer teach with faith in our communion, and so shall resign my living. How long or how short a time after that may elapse before I take any other step, I cannot say at this moment.—Yours affectionately, "S. B."

In his perplexity, probably at the advice of friends, Mr. Bathurst went to Salisbury to consult Bishop Hamilton about the whole question of the English Church, particularly in connection with the Gorham case. The Bishop could throw no new light on the position of the Established Church. What could he say in his position of a bishop who had knelt at the feet of Queen Victoria and sworn on the Holy Gospels that he held his see, both as to spirituals and temporals, from Her Majesty only? How could he show the divine authority of a Church that had just decided that its official teachers could declare in its name, at their choice, that Baptism was and was not necessary, that Baptism makes us and does not make us children of God, members of Christ, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven?

It is no wonder then that this conference with the Bishop dispelled none of his doubts, and Mr. Bathurst went up from Weston to London, and from there wrote the following letter to his parishioners at Kibworth to explain his position:—

"1 Devonshire Place, London,
August 27, 1850.

"My dear Brethren,—You will have learnt before this

that I am no longer Rector of Kibworth; and it will naturally occur to you to ask, What is the reason of it? What has happened to snap asunder that tie which has bound us together, as pastor and flock, for the last six years?

"Now, I am not going to enter into any long argument or to give many reasons to justify the step I have taken, because I do not think it would be of any advantage to anyone, and, perhaps, would only make some amongst you talk very hastily on points to which they had never before given a moment's consideration.

"I shall merely say, that what has made me leave much and many that I love at Kibworth is this—that my present convictions will not allow me to believe that I have been ministering there with the authority of Christ's One Catholic and Apostolic Church.

"You all know that I ever put before you this truth—that our Blessed Lord had a visible Church on earth, in strict union with which all baptized persons ought to live. I ever called upon those amongst you who were dissenters from the Established Church to join it, and maintained that I was the only lawfully appointed minister of Christ in the parish. Many said that to teach this and other points connected with it, was to teach and preach what they called Popery. I disregarded them, because I believed that in all such points the Established Church agreed with the Catholic Church, and formed, in fact, a part of that Church.

"Things have happened lately which have forced me to a very different conclusion. I can no longer believe that we belong to the same body with Catholics. I believe the Church of England did, at the time of what is called the Reformation, what it has since found fault with Wesley and others for doing with regard to itself, viz., separated from the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, and so has ceased to belong to it.

"Such being my conviction, and firmly believing, as I have already said, that all the baptized are bound, in obedience to our Blessed Lord's will, to live and die in strict union with His Church, I am about to make my submission to it. The idea, I well know, of my so doing, will call up various thoughts in your minds. Persons in this country have been so long accustomed to consider the Catholic Church, or, as it is sometimes called, the Church of Rome, as nothing better than a

sink of iniquity, that anyone being converted to it, is sure to be thought either as no better than a fool, or else, as given up to the evil one.

"I can only say, my dear brethren, that I am not taking this step without the recollection of the great responsibility incurred thereby, and of the account I must one day give for my act.

"And now, should such act of mine, or any circumstance in the future life of any one of you, ever lead to your looking more closely and seriously into the Catholic religion, by asking Catholics themselves about their belief, or looking into any of their catechisms or books, instead of only getting (as is usually the case) a one-sided account from some Protestant book of teaching; if, in short, either from any regard for myself, or from gratitude for any good God may have allowed me to be the instrument of to you, any one of you should be induced to enquire further about that Church I am on the point of submitting to, and so should be brought to the right faith, I shall thank God to my dying hour.

"I have now only to ask all of you to accept my very best wishes for your welfare, here and hereafter, and to believe me to remain, yours with affection, "S. BATHURST."

This letter was printed for private circulation and distributed to the people of Kibworth, who were naturally keenly distressed by losing so devoted a Rector and loving a father. Those who have just lost him at Stone can well understand their feelings.

Before leaving London Mr. Bathurst wrote in a letter to his sister:—

"I do not see that I have any doubts remaining as to what course I ought to pursue, and therefore upon my resigning my living, which I shall do next week at its close, I shall go forthwith to Newman.

"I am more and more convinced that the Church of Rome is the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church spoken of in the Creed, and in any longer demurring to submit to its invitation and claim to my obedience, for me with my convictions would be sinful, and give me cause to fear lest at the last day I should be found to have disobeyed, not the call of man, but of God."

Accordingly he went to Birmingham, where the great leader

of the Oxford movement was living in the newly founded Oratory in Alcester Street. He was conditionally baptized and received into the fold of the Catholic Church by Father Newman on August 28, 1850.

Writing a few days afterwards to his sister, he expresses the peace and joy of soul which resulted from his entrance into the Catholic Church.

"I have not the remotest wish to keep what I have done secret. I have written myself to ——, and the letter to the parish is now in the printer's hands, and I shall send it to Spence to be distributed this week. If ever there be a time when that text is fulfilled, 'If any man will do the will of Him, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God' (John vii. 17), it is (or at least, if it were the last word I were ever to speak) it has been in my case, when from being of the English Church I became a Catholic. Never have I known till now what it really was to feel at peace with God. That He may indeed, in His own good time, draw you and others within His own fold, you can believe shall ever be the prayer of your affectionate brother, "S. BATHURST."

And again:—

"THE ORATORY, 40 ALCESTER STREET,
BIRMINGHAM, *Sept.* 3.

"Forgive your brother for thus writing to you if it should offend you, but so strongly was I impressed with the wish to do so in church this evening, that I cannot forbear. Oh, my dearest sister, if ever you have trusted me, would that I could persuade you to do so now, despite all consequences. Would that I could draw you here forthwith. So surely as you would do so and make your submission to God's Church, you would receive such a gift; I cannot describe it to you, but you know, my dear sister, I have never liked speaking positively, except on the surest ground, and would not do so now, were I not, oh, how certain that you would have all doubts vanish from you, and shed tears of joy before the week were over, that you had for once taken me at my word, and said: Well, I will make the venture, and make trial of the text, 'If any man will *do* the will of Him, he shall know of the doctrine.'

"None but a Catholic, my very dear sister, can feel such a calm deep confidence in God and His Church. It is nothing

like the feeling even I had before submitting. I risk my soul with the most *perfect confidence* in urging you to come. Oh, do risk yours in coming. Drive away all thoughts about difficulties, and for once say: Well, I am urged to come by one whom I have trusted before—he has tried—and calls me. You know how I love you and would not for the world harm you. You will receive a manifold reward.

"Do kneel down in silence for a quarter of an hour, and resolve to come forthwith. You can be with some ladies here for a time. I shall pray for you most earnestly, till I see you or hear from you.

"Your most affectionate and most happy brother,

"S. BATHURST."

In the course of another letter, dated Sept. 5, he wrote in the same tone of joyful certainty, feeling that, at last, he had reached the Rock and was desirous to extend the same blessed security to his sister.

"You are now ever in my thoughts. To think that one so much more worthy than myself should not be in that happiness and feeling of perfect security that I am, makes me quite wonder at the providence of God.

"You will indeed know what it is to feel your Saviour supporting you, when you are a Catholic. You positively will not feel able to doubt your being in the Church, and moreover will wonder, as I do now, that I could have fancied I was, whilst an Anglican.

"This decisive language I am now putting down with the perfect consciousness that God's Eye is upon me, and watching me. It is indeed what I am deeply conscious of; it is this deep, God-like (if I may use such a word reverently) sense of certainty, that makes those outside deem converts presumptuous, arrogant, etc.

"Do come to see, if you have not started already. Here you would find services that would draw tears of joy from your eyes, evening after evening."

This sister followed Mr. Bathurst into the Church, being received at Farm Street by Father Brownbill of the Society of Jesus.

She afterwards entered the Third Order of St. Dominic, and established a congregation of active Sisters, the head

house being at Harrow-on-the-hill, with branch houses at Watford, Bognor, and Sale near Manchester.

Mr. Bathurst, after his reception into the Church, remained for some time in the Oratory in Birmingham, but deciding that it was not his vocation to become an Oratorian, he applied for admission to St. Mary's College, Oscott, in order to study theology in preparation for the priesthood.

At college his genial disposition and simple humility made him a general favourite with all sections of the community. As he had been at Oxford one of the University eleven, and always retained an enthusiastic love for the national game, he soon became a leader on the playground.

At Oscott he remained for four years, being ordained by the Bishop of Birmingham, William Bernard Ullathorne, at Easter in 1854.

After his ordination Mr. Bathurst was sent to Stone, thus beginning his apostolic work where he ended his course. The number of Catholics at Stone was then small. The convent had just been erected, the Dominican Sisters having migrated there from Clifton when Dr. Ullathorne was appointed Bishop of Birmingham. The priest in charge of the Mission was the Rev. Frederic W. Trenow, who, like Mr. Bathurst, was a recent convert who had been received into the Church on the occasion of the Gorham judgment.

When Mr. Trenow joined the Order of St. Dominic in July 1856, Father Bathurst was left in charge of the Stone Mission until 1861, when, to the regret of all, both in the convent and the parish, he was removed to Cheadle.

The Earl of Shrewsbury had built a magnificent church in the little country town of Cheadle, and Father Bathurst delighted in it and laboured hard to fill it with converts. He was a true father to the poor, whether Catholic or not, and could refuse nothing to anyone in distress. In this quiet town he led a peaceful life for nine years, when the Bishop requested him to take charge of a very different mission, that of Wednesbury in the Black Country. He obeyed, as was his habit, with the utmost cheerfulness, and led at Wednesbury a truly apostolic life of perfect devotedness to the service of God and the poor, without a thought for his own convenience or comfort.

Though he possessed a fairly large personal income, none of it was expended on himself. He built a church and

presbytery, gave all he could spare to the poor, and for himself he hardly provided the barest necessaries of life.

Mr. Michael Walsh, a parishioner of his at Wednesbury, relates how on one occasion having to call Father Bathurst late at night for a sick call, he found him lying asleep on two chairs covered with a railway rug. When Walsh expressed astonishment at this, Father Bathurst smiled, and was obliged to acknowledge that he had given both bed and bedding to a sick person because he had no money to buy them. He begged Mr. Walsh to keep secret what he had accidentally discovered. Mr. Walsh was often employed by him in different ways in the parish, and in the excitement of the moment, the call being urgent, he had gone straight into the bedroom to arouse the faithful pastor. But for this his self-denying charity would never have been known, and we may be certain there were multitudes of other charitable sacrifices, equally edifying, hidden from every human eye. Towards the end of his stay at Wednesbury, which extended from 1870 to 1875, he was treated very badly and ungratefully by one who ought to have been the first to help and defend him. It would be useless to enter into details, but it must be mentioned, as it brought out in the strongest light the humility and charity of Father Bathurst. Never did even his most intimate friends hear him complain, nor did he ever speak an unkind word of the one who had caused the trouble. About all this he was completely silent.

However, as a result of the persecution he underwent, the Bishop, after speaking in the highest terms of the self-sacrificing work he had done in Wednesbury, thought it better to remove him. It was arranged, therefore, that Father Bathurst should be appointed the diocesan inspector of schools, and should reside at Aston, near Stone, where the work being practically only on Sundays, he could be free to visit the schools during the week.

At Aston he continued his life of voluntary poverty and charity. All he had went to the sick, the poor, and the little ones of Christ. He used to walk to the station at Stone, bag in hand, in order to save expense. The handsome presbytery at Aston, built by Canon Huddleston, was let, and Father Bathurst took up his abode in a small house which had been built for the school-mistress.

Mrs. Bullock, the housekeeper, was a widow with one son,

who, not being able to support himself, came, with the kind priest's leave, to reside with his mother. Father Bathurst gave up his own room to his housekeeper, who was often laid up with rheumatism, and took up his abode in the tower of the church. His room there was like the little chamber prepared by the Sunamitess for Eliseus, "with a little bed, and a table and a stool, and a candlestick" (3 Kings iv. 10). The tower room had an uneven floor, rough walls, only the slates as a roof, and was furnished by a poor bed and a rush-bottomed chair.

In this little cell the good priest rejoiced to live, thinking of the house at Nazareth. When his housekeeper was laid up with rheumatism, he used to content himself with some porridge or rice pudding cooked by himself. After this state of things had become known in the village, some friends used to send in a dinner when they heard that the housekeeper was ill. Father Bathurst received this gratefully, but asked for nothing. If other priests asked him about these things, he passed it off as a joke.

The Rev. Father Price, now resident at Aston, writes as follows about Canon Bathurst:—

"You ask about the Canon's life at Aston. It was very uneventful, simply the life of a zealous priest in a quiet country parish. All that remember him unite in saying how kind he was to all, always considerate, always helpful.

"The special thing the people recall is his self-denying poverty. He was very poor when he resided in Aston, having devoted all his means to the Church at Wednesbury, and yet in his poverty he contrived to keep five children who were orphans and dependent on his bounty.

"To show that his poverty was real, it is remembered that some one having made him an offering of two shillings, the Canon thanked him and said it was quite a providential thing, for he had not a penny besides. The clothes he wore, he got from a brother in London, who, at his request, used to send him his cast-off clothing.

"He never would, even to the last, wear anything warmer than linen shirts, which he used till the laundress protested that she could wash them no more, they were in such rags. The boots he wore were always patched till they would stand it no longer. New ones would be sure to be given away. A cloak he used instead of an overcoat was given him by a gentleman of Stone, who said to him, 'Now

Canon, I only *lend* you this to wear; it is not *yours* and you cannot give it away.'

"He was religious inspector of schools while at Aston, and the long walks from Stone station, sometimes very late, in all weathers, used to try him very much, but he never complained. Neither would he take a conveyance, however bad the weather might be, though he gladly accepted a lift if offered to him. The people considered him a saint, and many attributed their recovery and that of their children to his prayers."

As religious inspector of the schools of the diocese, Father Bathurst had continual work, and became acquainted with all the missions and their priests. His genial character gave confidence to the children he examined, and it was particularly remarked that he seemed able to draw out from the little ones all they knew.

After a sojourn at Aston of five years, from 1875 to 1880, he was again removed by the Bishop to the country mission of Creswell, near Longton. Here he was very happy among the simple country people, and it was somewhat of a trial when he had, on June 16, 1882, to resign his mission and undertake the charge of the mission and large convent at Stone, where he remained all the rest of his life.

During his stay at Creswell, on the death of Canon Dunn, he was appointed a member of the Cathedral Chapter of Birmingham.

When Dr. Amherst, Bishop of Northampton, died, the name of Canon Bathurst was sent to Rome as one of the three chosen by the chapter for the vacant see, and but for his own strenuous efforts, there is every reason to think that he would have been appointed to that poor but extensive diocese.

Upon this matter, the secretary of the chapter of Northampton writes as follows:—"His name was one of the three sent by the Canons to Rome; it occurs first on the list, not from his being 'dignissimus,' but because the names are given in alphabetical order. As a matter of fact one other of the three received the same number of votes as he did." The Right Rev. Arthur Riddell was chosen to succeed Dr. Amherst, and was consecrated by Bishop Cornthwaite on June 9, 1880, while Canon Bathurst was still at Creswell.

The words used by St. Gregory the Great in speaking of Paschasius, a holy Deacon of the Roman Church who had

died in his time, describe in one sentence the life and character of Canon Bathurst.

"Paschasius," says St. Gregory, "was a despiser of himself and a great lover of the poor." Everyone who "was honoured with his friendship" would acknowledge that these words exactly describe Canon Bathurst. As the late Canon Macmullen, a man not given to flattery, said; "Stuart Bathurst is a saint, and his humility is so genuine that it never occurs to him to think that he is better than anyone else."

Those who had the happiness of living with him or frequently seeing him will all agree that they never met a man more utterly unselfish. His own interest, his own advantage, his own reputation, his personal convenience or pleasure, never seemed to influence his conduct, or even so much as to enter his mind. It was always the glory of God, the good of souls, the advantage of the poor, the happiness of others.

His piety was of a peculiarly bright and genial nature. There was nothing morose or gloomy in his religion. Those who knew him best agree that he was always himself, always the same, always cheerful, with a bright genial smile on his face, and a pleasant word on his tongue—one of those pleasant kindly words that "are like the honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones."

When a friend arrived at the Canon's house, his welcome, now never to be heard again, was like an angel's smile, a thing to be looked forward to with joy and to be remembered with delight. His face seemed always to shine with joy, the reflection of his heart, full of charity to all and always resting on God, recalling the words, "a glad heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

In him, partly from natural disposition and good constitution, never tried by any excess, there was no sign, even in later years, of "the sorrowful spirit that drieth up the bones"; but even at eighty-four his old age had a certain tinge of youth from his joyful and childlike spirit. By the action of nature and of grace his age was "as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly."

Canon Bathurst was a despiser of himself, never seeking for any position of honour, but always trying to hide himself and his good works. If he had remained in the Established Church, he might have risen to positions of honour and affluence; but such considerations had no power to raise any mist before the eyes of his soul which might prevent him seeing

clearly his way to the Church of God. He was ready to cast all aside the moment he saw the will of God; and during his Catholic life all he sought for was lowly, hidden work among the poor.

When there was an idea of raising him to an episcopal throne his humility took fright, and his mind was greatly troubled. He said everything that truth would allow to vilify himself, and to show how utterly incapable he was, in his own eyes, to discharge the duties of that responsible office. The few weeks in which this danger hung over him was a time of clouds, and at no time of his priestly life did he approach so near the state of sadness. Not that he was really sad in the true sense of the word, for "whatever happens to a righteous man it shall not make him sad," but he was anxious and alarmed, and as happy as a child when the danger had passed.

The only passion Canon Bathurst seemed to have, was his love for the poor. He stript himself, often literally, that he might give to those in need.

Endless instances are related of his generous almsgiving. He would give away his clothes till he had nothing but rags for himself. On one occasion the Bishop ordered him to get a greatcoat, though he declared he never needed one. He obeyed the wish of his superior, bought the coat, wore it, but meeting a poor man who seemed cold, the coat was at once given to him. It is related that while he was at Aston, meeting a poor man on the road and having nothing to give him, he sat down under the hedge and, taking off his socks, gave them in alms.

Towards the end of his life, having been caught in a shower of rain, it was found that he could not come down to dinner till he had dried his things, having nothing to change.

This was from love of poverty as well as charity to the poor and suffering. He was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and had thoroughly imbibed the spirit of poverty which distinguished his great Father.

He never could be induced to spend anything on himself, his own comfort or pleasure. One fact shows this unmistakably: never during his Catholic life of fifty years had he gone abroad. He never visited Rome, Palestine, or Loretto; he did not join the pilgrimages to Paray le Monial or Lourdes, though he had so intense a devotion to the Sacred Heart and Our Lady. This might excite surprise. The reason was

his unwillingness to spend anything on himself. He saved the twenty or fifty pounds he would have spent on a pilgrimage or a summer vacation for the poor and the sick.

If he were asked if he had seen Rome or had visited Lourdes, he would smile in his playful way and, pointing upwards, would say, "I hope to see all these places from heaven."

The only other way the Canon ever spent money was in buying books. He must have bought a very large number, which he delighted in giving away and lending. Many useful books he gave to young priests who might not be able to procure them. He sent for almost every spiritual and religious book that he saw had been published in England or the United States. The parish lending library at Stone was established and stocked by him; he spent a good deal of time as well as money in this work, which he considered of the first importance, and was a hearty supporter of the Catholic Truth Society. He thought it useless to teach young people to read without providing them with mental food of a wholesome nature. The lending library also was a means of keeping in touch with many young people whom he desired to influence.

Another form of charity that was very dear to his heart was to support orphans and destitute children, and the number that owed their preservation in the faith, and their education to his generosity, it would be difficult to enumerate. More than once he received legacies of destitute children. A poor man who was hanged at Stafford, and died as a sincere penitent, left all his children to Canon Bathurst, who accepted the charge with joy.

He also delighted to send promising boys to college, and many he thus helped became, to his delight, useful priests. He thus promoted the glory of God and the salvation of souls, the only things on earth that he really desired.

In 1881, while at Creswell, the Canon had been elected as member of the association of secular priests called "The Old Brotherhood," which meets in London every spring and autumn for business of a charitable purpose. A lady in London with whom in later years the Canon used to stay at these times describes his characteristic simplicity, and his determination never to spend an unnecessary penny on himself that he might save for the poor.

"Though above eighty years old, he would not take a cab,

travelled third class, and wanted to go about in the omnibus, caring nothing for the inconvenience as long as he spent nothing for himself. The first time he came I did not realize this, and naturally thought he would take a cab at Euston. But no! He carried his bag to the nearest omnibus, and as it set him down short of his destination, he walked to my house, bag in hand, and arrived exhausted with fatigue. This I never let happen again. When going to the meeting of the Old Brotherhood, he wanted to travel in an omnibus, but I sent for a brougham and begged him to order it to wait for his return. He could not bear the thought of the money for the three or four hours waiting 'spent on him,' so he dismissed it on arrival. Afraid lest he should return in the omnibus, I used to make him promise to take a cab, which I assured him should cost him less than the omnibus.

"Even when up here for a few days, he exerted himself to seek out some people he hoped might be brought into the Church, for he never ceased to try to help others. His piety also was very striking. The devout way he celebrated Mass in our little chapel was most edifying. One of the servants said to me, 'He is a perfect meditation, ma'am, while saying his Mass.' If I happened to go to his room I always found him praying, either saying his office or rosary or other prayers. The only time I ever saw him ruffled in temper was one day when we took him to see an extreme Ritualistic church, as good an imitation of a real Catholic Church as could be found in the Establishment. The Canon was disgusted, and quite indignant at the pretence of it all. I could not help being amused at seeing the sweet calmness of his placid face upset by this." He was too candid and sincere to be able to understand men trying to be of two religions, Protestants and Catholics at the same time.

His friends, the same lady writes, were once amused when a woman was inveighing against the Ritualists, she being an admirer of the Church Association. "I can't do with those Ritualists," she said, "I would rather be a Catholic out and out." She had no idea the party were Catholics, and when one pointed to the Canon and asked, "What should you say that gentleman is?" after inspecting the Canon for a moment, she replied, "I should say he was a Low Church clergyman!"

One of the Sisters at Stone sends the following reminiscence: "When employed as portress I saw a good deal of our dear

Father, Canon Bathurst. I had constantly to go to him with notes and messages from the poor. Rarely indeed did he refuse any application for alms. Sometimes he would pretend to refuse and say, 'No, no! I cannot give you anything, I am not parish priest!' but before I could go he called me back, and giving a shilling or two he would say, 'Tell them they mustn't come again.' It is needless to say this little scene was soon repeated. He used to keep a drawer in his writing table stocked with various silver coins, so as to have at hand what suited different cases. I do not remember ever going into his room without finding him reading a spiritual book or praying. His breviary or office book were ever in his hands.

"During the many years that I had the privilege of knowing him, one thing that particularly struck me was the extreme simplicity and purity of his character. An atmosphere of childlike innocence seemed to surround him. His smile and laugh had the joyousness of youth, and yet, at the same time, he could speak on matters of the deepest gravity with an earnestness that was most impressive. Once when I accused myself of putting off my mental prayer in the morning through stress of work, he said in his gentle way, 'But God comes first, my child!' Simple words; but to this day if I am ever tempted to put off prayer for work, I seem to hear that kind voice saying 'But God comes first, my child!' That was the keynote of his life; God first in everything, and after Him, His poor."

Another member of the Stone community, who knew the Canon well, applies to him, with great justice, a sentence written about the holy French Bishop, Monsignor de Ségur: "He was one of those rare beings in whom perfection by grace is planted on natural perfection, his naturally amiable disposition being like a serene blue sky in May."

The sentiment is certainly true when applied to Canon Bathurst. It seemed almost natural for him to do the better thing and live the higher life. There was something singularly attractive in his personality: a simplicity and innocent gaiety of heart which showed itself in his words and gestures, and shone upon a countenance that, venerable and priestly to a high degree, wore, even to the last, an expression that is rarely seen save in the happy faces of little children whose fair souls are still shining in their baptismal innocence.

It was impossible to know the Canon, "the dear old Canon," as he was commonly called, without feeling that nature and grace had never been very much out of harmony. Grace had only to perfect and elevate his natural disposition, which was so simple, genial, and charitable. He was a branch of the vine that needed little pruning to bring forth much fruit, fragrant and mature.

There was nothing gloomy or repulsive in his piety. The peace and joy of the Holy Ghost, with which his own soul was full, seemed to shine in his face, and gave all his actions a certain spiritual power to attract souls to God. Strict with himself, though not in any way that made him singular, he had a wonderful way of making religion pleasant and attractive to others.

What was the secret of the influence he possessed over souls, especially the souls of the poor, the simple, the little ones of Christ? This power was so hidden, that many who were influenced by it were hardly themselves conscious of its influence over them. Many hardly recognized themselves how greatly they were guided by the thought, "What would the Canon say?" "What does the Canon think about it?" "Oh, but the Canon would not like us to do that," etc.

The real source of this spiritual power lay in the complete effacement of self, to which, by God's grace, he had attained. He sought only "the glory which is from God alone" in all things. He had no interests apart from those of his beloved Master. The consolation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by the spread of His kingdom on earth and the conversion of sinners, was his only aim in all he did. This was the motive of all his charitable works and all his personal sacrifices. And therefore, though not gifted with human eloquence, neither a specially learned theologian nor a man of extraordinary mental ability, "grace was poured forth on his lips" and Christ spoke through him.

Externally the Canon lived the ordinary life of a zealous priest without singularity. The sacrifices he made for others were so secret, and done with such simplicity, that they were hardly noticed. When he met with ingratitude, and saw that what he did from charity was looked on as a sort of debt, he only smiled. His life was hidden with Christ in God, and he went about doing good, whether men were grateful or unthankful.

The Canon has been accused of being too profuse in his alms and not bestowing them with sufficient discrimination. But he felt that he would rather run the risk of sometimes helping the unworthy than of refusing the needy. His charity made him realize that those that do not deserve help are often those that most need kindness, and in this he surely did but imitate Him who is "kind to the unthankful and the evil."[1]

He possessed a rare power of drawing people into the fold of the Church. During the last eighteen years a large number of people were received into the Church at Stone, and in most cases by the Canon's influence. No doubt in some cases hope of temporal help was a motive. Many were drawn "by the cords of Adam," but in most instances it was the more spiritual attraction that brought them under the holy-priest's influence. He might no doubt have said to some: "Amen, Amen, I say unto you, you seek . . . . because you did eat of the loaves and were filled. Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting."[2] But our Lord did not send away these men, but instructed them: so His faithful friend and follower, though he gained influence over people by his kindness, kept them under instruction till he had reason to hope that more worthy and supernatural reasons had influenced them to be received into the Church.

He had a peculiar gift of attracting those who, almost unconsciously, were being drawn by God towards His Church. He seemed to have power of reading their souls, the explanation of which no doubt was that our Lord was using him as an instrument.

To relate one instance. A woman, now a Catholic, sent her children to St. Dominic's School, because, though she and her husband were "chapel people," they thought they would be better instructed. After the death of her husband, she began to go occasionally to Benediction on Sunday evenings. Her children grew up and belonged to no definite religion. One Sunday evening in May she was present at a procession of Our Lady, and the Canon passed close by her. At the same moment, she felt an intense desire for instruction in the Catholic religion. "Oh," she thought, "if only some one would tell me all about it, I would be a Catholic."

[1] Luke vi. 35. [2] John vi. 26, 27.

A day or two afterwards there was a knock at her door. She opened it, and saw Canon Bathurst. "He looked at me so sharp," she afterwards said, "that I was quite taken to." "Perhaps I have made a mistake," said the Canon. "Is this Mrs. N.'s house?" She replied that it was not, and after asking if she were a Catholic, to which she simply said "No," he departed, much to her disappointment, for, though too shy to begin, she longed for him to speak to her about religion.

About an hour afterwards she was called to the house of a Catholic kinswoman, who asked if she had received a visit from the Canon, and whether he had talked about religion. "He came," she answered, "but said nothing. I wish he had." "Well," was the reply, "he thinks you would like to be a Catholic, and if you would like to see him you are to let him know." She put herself under instruction, and in due time was received with her whole family.

Another curious instance. A little child, one day, ran home to her mother and said, "Mother, may I be a Catholic?" "What are you talking about?" answered the mother; "what do you know about Catholics?" It appears that theCanon had seen the child playing with some Catholic children, had said a few kind words to her and had patted her on the head. After he had thus laid his hand upon her, nothing would satisfy her till she had been received into the Church, which she was, with her mother and the whole family.

No doubt his abundant alms drew many to him, but he had compassion on all in distress, and never in any way made conversion to the Faith a condition of temporal relief. This would have been to imitate what we are told of the infamous "soupers" in Ireland, who are accused, in many cases it is to be feared with too much truth, of bribing poor starving people to deny their faith and act against their conscience to obtain food. From so monstrous a crime Canon Bathurst would have recoiled with horror; but as our Lord healed the infirmities of many, and thus attracted them to Him that He might save their souls, so His servant relieved bodily distress that he might afterwards, if God so willed, be able to enlighten their souls. Our Lord of course "knew what was in man," and could not be deceived, whereas His minister may often be deceived. And yet if the intention of his converts might have been mixed and not purely supernatural, he did his best to instruct them and to direct their souls to God.

Many of those he sought out and drew into the fold of the Church at Stone were people who went nowhere before, and belonged, as it is called in Protestant phraseology, "to no denomination." They were left as sheep without a shepherd, till the Canon brought them to the one fold of the one Shepherd. Once received into the Church they became the Canon's special care. Faithful to the very last, he never failed in his attendance in the confessional.

"How familiar," writes one at Stone, "was that venerable figure, slightly bent with age, with the crown of white hair, and the placid smile, the reflection of his peaceful soul, as, clad in a shabby well-worn cassock and white cotta, he appeared just at the stroke of the clock, and after a moment's prayer at the altar of the Sacred Heart wended his way to his confessional. It brought to the mind the figure of the venerable Curé d'Ars, to whom the Canon had much devotion, and whom he tried to imitate in his love of souls."

As pointed out by the writer of the article on Canon Bathurst in the number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for June, 1900, devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was the chief devotion of his life. He was a most zealous propagator of the "Apostleship of Prayer," and most anxious to induce everyone to be faithful to the Communion of Reparation, on the first Friday of every month. He attached the utmost importance to this monthly Communion, as an act of love to Jesus Christ, and as a most potent means of keeping souls on the path of God's commandments. He was most anxious that the "Children of Mary," a confraternity for young women he himself established at Stone, should all be faithful to the practice of at least monthly Communion, and if possible on the first Friday of the month, in addition to the Sunday.

On the first Friday of every month he used to say an early Mass at the altar of the Sacred Heart, placing on the altar the little papers on which were written the intentions, desires and petitions of the various members of the association of the Apostolate of Prayer. It was while preparing for this Mass on the cold morning of Friday, January 5th, 1894, that he suffered his first stroke of paralysis, which for a time deprived him of all power of distinct articulation.

A large number of the books he so freely lent and gave away were on the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In

his exhortations in public and private he spoke on every possible occasion of love and devotion to the Sacred Heart.

One reason of his love of the Apostolate of Prayer was his intense desire that people should pray for others as well as for themselves. To a priest, who more than once gave at his request a short retreat to the Children of Mary, numbering generally from sixty to eighty, he used to say, "Do impress on them the duty of helping others, and of praying for the conversion of sinners." This he would repeat again and again, in different words, showing that his mind was always full of the idea.

One of the Sisters at Stone writes as follows of a thing the soul of Canon Bathurst detested. This was marriage between Catholics and those not in the Church, generally called "a mixed marriage." "If he could ever be considered stern or rigid, it was certainly on that subject. No girl who had engaged herself to a man not a Catholic was allowed to remain in the confraternity of the Children of Mary. He constantly entreated the Sisters who had charge in any way of the Catholic girls to discourage such engagements to the utmost of their power. Some were inclined to think him over-strict on this point, but generally as time went on the result showed that in this, as in most things, the Canon was right."

One among what St. Francis of Sales calls the little virtues was a special favourite with the Canon—punctuality. He was always punctual to the moment in every duty. This was not altogether a mere natural quality. It was part of that constant promptitude of soul by which he did the Will of God immediately, the moment he saw it. This is the true practice of the Love of God. He once encouraged a person who complained of the difficulty of rising promptly in the morning, by saying that, long as he had forced himself to do so, it was still always an effort to rise at the right moment. He attached the greatest value to those first moments given generously to God as well as to exact punctuality to all duties.

As a confessor he was not inclined to much spiritual direction, for the most part being content with a few words of encouragement. He always seemed to think others must be as good as he was himself, and was hardly able to believe they could do anything wilfully wrong; but to the timid or scrupulous he was always helpful. In the large convent,

where for nineteen years he was chaplain, his prudent counsel and fatherly interest in each and all were highly valued by superiors and subjects. Even after the slight paralytic stroke of 1894, which affected his speech, he still continued confessor, and his very presence in the house was an encouragement to all. To look at him cheered the downhearted.

The visitors to the convent felt this. "Dear old Canon!" wrote one, "how I shall miss him when I come. Though I never knew him intimately, yet I always liked to meet him as he came along the guest cloister, with his bright smile and cheery greeting. I always felt I was talking to a saint."

Another describes the impression made on her by assisting at the Canon's mass. The devotion and simplicity with which it was said struck her deeply, "as if he were so absorbed in thinking of our Lord that he had completely forgotten all about himself."

On Wednesday, February 28, 1900, the Canon went out fasting to give Holy Communion to a sick woman who for long had been his penitent. He surprised her, as she was in no immediate danger, by saying: "Now I have come to give you Holy Communion for the last time."

It was a true prophecy. He was suffering even then with a cold, and looked more feeble and bent than usual, but insisted on doing all his usual duties in the confessional. On Saturday, in spite of all that could be said, he sat in the confessional in the church from five till nine, for the last time. On the Sunday morning he said his last Mass at nine for the children, but was so ill after it that he consented to go to bed. Never before in his life had he been nursed, and he did not much like the various attentions shown him, saying, "It is nothing. I shall soon be well if you leave me alone to rest." Dr. Hartley, of Stone, was assiduous as usual in his attention to his patient, who, when asked how he felt, would smile in his genial way, nod his head and say: "All right! not much the matter." He was always calm and collected, and seemed, writes one who helped to nurse him, "quite selfless. You felt that everything that was happening to him was, so to say, outside him, as if happening to some one else, and that in his soul he was living quietly and peacefully with God."

On Thursday evening the Canon received Holy Viaticum When he heard the bell outside the room announcing the

coming of his beloved Lord and Master, he roused himself, sat up, and said the Confiteor aloud, striking his breast with fervour. He followed every prayer with visible joy, and said the *Domine non sum dignus* distinctly.

When asked whether he would wish any prayers after Viaticum said for him, he answered, "No, thank you, I can manage, if you will leave me alone a little." He wished for nothing but to be alone with our Lord.

After Extreme Unction he rallied a little, as is almost always the case, and gave his blessing to all who visited him, saying the words with great care. On Saturday, however, he became worse, and Father Lillis with some hesitation proposed giving the Last Blessing. The Canon smiled and said, "Well, you need not apologize for that!"

On Wednesday of the next week he was suffering from extreme weakness, and his mind began to wander. To a Sister who visited him he said, "To-morrow I must say Mass in honour of the Sacred Heart, for poor sinners." All that and the next day he seemed to imagine he was hearing confessions and saying Mass. He kept repeating little exhortations to those near, as if he were hearing their confessions, and one person heard him say, "Not much in that, only a little weakness of will."

He fancied he was hearing the nurse's confession, asked her earnestly whether she was truly sorry for all her sins, and when she answered "Yes," he made her repeat an act of contrition with him, and then pronounced the words of absolution quite distinctly, and gave her an Our Father, Hail Mary, and Creed as a penance. Then the Mother Superior came into the room, and kneeling down, said those prayers aloud, which seemed to please him.

Then he repeated the words of the Holy Mass. "We heard the *Judica me Deus* and the versicles following, then there was silence, but his lips were moving, and about ten minutes after he said out loud the *Sursum Corda* and Preface. Then silence again, during which he made all the signs of the Cross, as if over the chalice, and presently he finished the Mass aloud.

"Not a word did he speak about himself or his own feelings, it was all to God or of God or of the poor. He thought of them during his illness, and gave directions for help to be sent to some he was accustomed to assist.

"In the course of Thursday morning he seemed to be wanting something, and I put my crucifix to his lips. He kissed it, and then making the sign of the Cross over it, he gave it back, saying, 'I have blest it for the intentions of poor sinners,' soon after adding, 'Remember there are so many poor sinners to pray for,' and somewhat later, he asked to be raised up and said, 'I want to collect my thoughts and think of the poor people, and what they want.' His rosary was in his hand the whole time, and in the early part of his illness, when stronger, he was constantly saying it.

"His face was like a child's rather than a man past eighty, so innocent and calm, with a constant genial smile for all. About two o'clock on Thursday afternoon I asked him if he were not very tired. He looked up in the most simple way, smiled, and said, 'Yes, I am *very* tired!' 'Canon,' I said, 'you are ready, are you not, for your long rest in the Sacred Heart of Jesus?' At these words his face beamed with joy at the mention of his favourite devotion, and he replied simply, and with full trust in our Lord, 'Yes, please God, I am ready.'

"At about five in the afternoon the nurse put some milk to his lips; he said, 'That is enough,' put his head back on the pillow, and gently breathed his last.

"I went at once to the room, and shall never forget the look on his face. It was positively *shining*, with a smile of absolute ecstasy. The eyes were closed, as if he had fallen into a calm sleep.

"I saw him again at 9 P.M., when he was dressed in his priestly vestments, and three priests and the doctor were gazing intently at his face, as if in wonder at the expression it wore of happiness and peace. The shining radiance I before witnessed had departed, and in its place there was a look of calm joy.

"This joyous appearance increased as time went on, and greatly impressed the many who came to see him. Even little children showed no sign of fear, and delighted to be lifted up to kiss the hand that had done so many charitable actions. One small child of three after doing so said very gravely, 'I have asked the Canon to make me a good girl.' Another little girl turned to me in astonishment and said, 'Why, sister, he's laughing!'"

It seemed, indeed, as if the words of the Holy Ghost in

praise of the valiant woman were literally verified in his case; "ridebit in die novissimo," he "shall laugh in the latter day."

> "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy:
> The Lord will deliver him in the evil day." (Ps. xl. 1.)

A Sister who was employed at the door of the convent at that time writes:—

"I shall never forget the scenes that took place after his death, nor the distress of so many to whom he had been a father for so many years. The sobs and tears when they heard he was dead formed the most pathetic epitaph he could have had.

"After the news of his departure got abroad in the town, a stream of people called to ask to look for the last time on his face, and to pray beside him. Not only from Stone, but from Stafford, Stoke, Hanley, and all the country round, people came to show their loving respect for the memory of so true a Christian. For three days a constant pilgrimage was kept up. Old and young, rich and poor, children and aged folk begged for admittance. Not Catholics only, but many not belonging to the Church were anxious to see him for the last time. The sobs and tears of the poor were heartrending. Not women only, but strong men stood gazing on him with tears rolling down their cheeks at the last sight of the beloved face that had always had a smile of welcome and fatherly affection for them. Some even prostrated on the ground, moaning aloud in their bitter anguish. Young men tried in vain to hide their emotion beneath a calm exterior, but betrayed their feelings by the moistened eye and quivering lip. Pictures, rosaries and medals were laid in numbers on his hands, that they might bless them even in death. All who could kiss his folded hands did so again and again.

"Many were not content with one visit, but begged to be allowed to enter his room many times. I found a number of young women in the porch who said, 'We have been in once, Sister, but are waiting for another batch to go in again.'"

On March 20th Canon Bathurst was laid to rest in the church at Stone, just opposite the chapel of the Sacred Heart, where he loved to say Mass on the first Friday of every month.

A suitable epitaph on his grave would be the words of Job :—

> "Because I delivered the poor man that cried out
> And the fatherless that had no helper :
> The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me
> And I comforted the heart of the widow.
> I was an eye to the blind
> And a foot to the lame :
> I was a father to the poor."
> (Job xxix. 12, 13, 15.)

APPENDIX.

The following notice of Canon Bathurst's life at Kibworth has been supplied by the courtesy of Mrs. Montague Osborn, a native of Kibworth, who was living there as a child during the time Mr. Bathurst was Rector.

"Mr. Bathurst was Rector of Kibworth from 1844 to 1850. The churchmanship of Kibworth up to 1844 was that of the 18th century; and Mr. Bathurst introduced a new type. He established daily Morning Prayer in church, and special services on Saints' Days, neither of which had been heard of before in Kibworth. He removed the incongruous collection of fiddles, 'cellos and flutes, which hitherto had been stationed at the west end of the church to lead the singing; and he established a choir at the east end of the nave, and placed at Christmas and Easter special leaflets in the church containing suitable festival hymns.

"In 1844 the church was filled with hideous pews which appeared to have been constructed as hindrances to prayer; for people sat or knelt in them staring into each other's faces, and congregational responses had almost ceased. When Mr. Bathurst wished to re-seat the church there was strong opposition by some of the pew-holders, which culminated in a contested election for parish churchwarden. In this Mr. Bathurst's supporter was successful, and the church was

re-seated at Mr. Bathurst's own expense; and from this time prayer again became possible in the House of Prayer, and responses were regularly made by the people.

"The re-seating of the parish church was Mr. Bathurst's first great work, and the building of a beautiful church at Smeeton was the second. Smeeton was a hamlet belonging to Kibworth, with a population at that time of between 300 and 400 people, and hitherto without a church. The first stone was laid on 31st July, 1848 (or 1847).

"In social matters Mr. Bathurst was much helped by the fact that his father and mother, General Sir James and Lady Caroline Bathurst, with their sons and daughters, spent some months of each year at Kibworth Rectory. During these visits many neighbours learned to know and esteem the Rector and his family. Sir James died at the Rectory. The Rector's youngest sister, Miss Kate Bathurst (now a Prioress), worked indefatigably in the cottages and in the school during her visits at Kibworth. But when alone, the Rector occupied only two rooms in his large comfortable house; the small study on the ground floor, devoid of anything like an easy-chair, and a little dark slip of a room opening out of the study and containing little more than a camp bedstead where he slept. This fact was not known till after he had resigned the living, for he never spoke of himself.

"He lived morning, noon, and night among his parishioners, taught daily in the parochial school, and spared neither trouble nor expense to help on the promising boys. One of these, a labourer's son, he sent to a training college, and eventually as a schoolmaster in the diocese of Perth, West Australia, where he did excellent work, and was appointed inspector of schools for the whole diocese.

"The Rector drew all the little children of the schools to love and trust and reverence him; and the school feasts held on the Rectory lawn in summer (a new thing at that time) were the happiest days of the year.

"But the secret of Mr. Bathurst's influence for good, was the atmosphere of holiness, extreme gentleness, and ascetic self-denial which he seemed habitually to breathe. One of his old parishioners said of him: 'He gives me the impression of never for an instant forgetting the Presence of God.' His reverence in Church was a revelation to many; and he never spoke of sacred things but in a hushed voice.

"In giving to God's Church and His poor, he was munificent; but he spent nothing on himself, and his only servant (an old housekeeper) complained that he always forgot the hours of his meals.

"His leaving the parish in 1850 was a keen grief, and a great stumbling-block to the many who had seen in him an ideal priest and a model of saintly life."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

THE PROTESTANT RULE OF FAITH
AN IMPOSSIBLE ONE

By Monsignor JOHN S. VAUGHAN [1]

"In order to know the religion of Protestants," says Chillingworth, "neither the doctrine of Luther, nor that of Calvin or Melancthon is to be taken, nor the Confession of Augsburg or Geneva, nor the Catechism of Heidelberg, nor the Articles of the Anglican Church, nor even the harmony of all the Protestant confessions, but that which they all subscribe to, as the perfect rule of their faith and actions, that is to say, the Bible. Yes, the Bible, THE BIBLE ALONE IS THE RELIGION OF PROTESTANTS."—*Vide the Religion of Protestants, a sure Road to Salvation*, by Dr. CHILLINGWORTH (ch. vi. 56).

If we turn to *Whitaker's Almanack* for 1900 we shall find that he enumerates two hundred and seventy-four "Religious Denominations" in England alone. Our leading Protestant journal goes so far as to say that "England alone is reputed to contain some *seven hundred sects*, each of whom proves a whole system of theology and morals from the Bible."[2] In the United States of America there is said to be almost an equal number, so that we can hardly be accused of exaggeration if we say that, throughout the English-speaking world, there are many hundred distinct bodies of Christians.

Here we seem, at first sight, to be confronted with a veritable sea of confusion, and to be listening to a perfect babel of conflicting tongues. There seems no way of classifying these hundreds of different churches. They refuse to group themselves in any regular order. Each is a law to itself. The outlines of each are so indistinct, and so vague and ill-defined, that they seem

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Thoughts for all Times*, and revised by the author.

[2] *Vide The Times*, 13th Jan. 1884—leading article.

to blend almost imperceptibly into one another like the floating clouds in a storm-swept sky. Looking, however, somewhat closer, we find that there is just one among these Christian Churches which is fundamentally different from all the rest. Different, in the first place, in the number of its adherents. Not merely in the sense of being larger and more extended and more universally diffused than any other, which would not be very remarkable, but in the sense of being so *immeasurably* greater as to exceed numerically, not only any single Christian Church taken alone, but all other Christian Churches put together. So that, if we divide all Christian Churches into two parts, placing the Roman Catholic Church upon one side, and all other forms of Christianity on the other, we shall find a larger number gathered together under the banner of the Catholic Church than under the host of distinct banners held aloft by all the varieties of conflicting sects.[1] That is perhaps the most obvious distinction, lying, as it were, on the surface, and the first to attract the notice of the casual observer.

But there is another and far more important distinction, which takes us at once to the root of the matter, and that consists in the difference of the rule of faith.

[1] *Note.*—In the *Ecclesiastical Dictionary*, published this year, 1900 (Benziger Bros.), there are said to be 270,000,000 Catholics, and but a total of 89,000,000 Protestants of all kinds. On the other hand, the well-known statistician, Mr Mulhall, prepared for the Australian Catholic Congress a notable paper on the Christian population of the world, which, according to his figures, numbers at the present moment 501,600,000, and consists of 240,000,000 Catholics, 163,300,000 Protestants, and 98,300,000 Greek Christians. Under the head of Protestants are included *more than one hundred different* sects, who differ so widely from one another that some—those, for instance, who deny the Divinity of Christ and the mystery of the Holy Trinity—can hardly be called Christians. Assuming all classes of Protestants to form one religion, their total number in relation to that of Catholics would be as two to three.

The hundreds of different Christian denominations may, and do, differ to an extraordinary extent among themselves. They vary in innumerable unimportant, and in a considerable number of important points, both of doctrine and of discipline. Yet, however widely they may differ upon other points, they all, or almost all, are agreed as to their rule of faith. They all accept Reason and the Scriptures; or, if you will, the Scriptures, interpreted by reason, as the source and very foundation of their respective creeds. They one and all point to the Holy Scriptures as to the infallible and unerring word of God. They accept no other infallible or unerring authority upon earth. The Bible is the Divine Book, and contains all that is necessary to salvation; and there is no other Divine authority, no other infallible guide or teacher to whom men can have access. Though each denomination is distinct, and unlike every other, yet one and all found their creed on this only infallible teacher, viz., the Bible. "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation"; and "Whatever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man," etc. So runs Article VI. of the Church of England.[1] "Protestants assert that the Old and New Testaments are the only safe source of religious knowledge and form the *sole rule of faith*."[2] Rev. W. Lee writes:—"As Evangelical Protestants, we claim that the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the rule of our faith and practice."[3]

It is only when we turn to the gigantic Catholic Church, which stretches out her arms over the entire earth, that we discover a totally different rule of

[1] *Vide* Thirty-nine Articles.

[2] *Vide History of Civilization in Scotland*, by Jn. Mackintosh, vol. ii. p. 35.

[3] *Vide What is a Protestant?* p. 9.

faith. The Catholic Church accepts reason, just as the Protestant Church does. It is in her eyes a gift of God, to be exercised and employed to the utmost; she also accepts the Holy Scriptures as the inspired word of God, and as containing a Divine revelation. She even pays them more honour and more respect, and treats them with even greater reverence than any of those Churches that profess to found their creed on them alone. To this extent, therefore, she and all other Christian bodies are at one. But here she parts company with them. She does *not* believe that God has abandoned this inspired Book to the mercy of fallible men to be turned and twisted into a thousand conflicting meanings, to be made to support doctrines and practices not only different, but opposite; and to be a basis upon which hundreds of distinct and irreconcilable sects may take their stand. She believes that God confided this inspired volume to the guardianship of a living and infallible Church. That this Church is the only authorized interpreter and explainer of its pages. That no passage can really bear two or more *contradictory* senses; and that where such contradictory interpretations are set forth, it rests with her, and with her alone, to decide absolutely, definitely, and with unwavering certainty which is, and which is not, the true interpretation; and so to secure unity, or truth, which is the same thing; for where there is truth, there unity also must always be found.

There are, in fact, but two systems of Christianity possible—the one based on private judgement, and the other on authority. The system of private judgement is by far the more flattering to human pride, and that is why it has commended itself to so many haughty and rebellious spirits. It makes each man, not a

disciple, but a master; not a learner, but a teacher; not a pupil, but a critic. But, as a consequence, it renders all real unity, not only difficult, but practically impossible. Now, unless we are out and out rationalists, and deny that infallibility exists anywhere, which would be to destroy supernatural religion altogether, I take it as evident that but two courses are open to us: either we must accept the Bible as the only infallible teacher, or we must accept the *magisterium* of the living and articulate Church as equally infallible. If the infallible Bible alone will not suffice—if it is found incapable of securing the unity *for which Christ prayed*—we are forced and driven to acknowledge an infallible Church. Now, our reasons for not accepting the "Bible and the Bible only" theory are manifold. In the space at my disposal I can suggest only a few of the more important:—

I. Christ, when founding His kingdom on earth, never wrote as much as a single line of any kind, which seems strange, on the hypothesis that He intended each man's religion to depend upon his personal interpretation of certain documents.

II. Though He commanded His disciples to "Go and *teach* all nations," to "*preach* to every living creature," etc., He never once commanded any one of them to commit a word to paper or parchment.

III. Even the very expressions He made use of seem to emphasize this fact; for He does not say: "If any man will not *read the Scriptures*," but, "If any man will not *hear the Church*, let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican"; not "He that follows the *Scriptures* as his guide, follows Me," but rather, "He that *heareth you*, heareth Me." And, again, "Faith cometh (*not by reading*, but) by *hearing*"; and so on, in many other passages.

IV. Because (*a*) very few of the Apostles wrote at all. Out of the "twelve," only five wrote any portion of the Bible, viz., St. Matthew, St. John, St. Peter, St. Jude, and St. James;[1] and (*b*) because those who did put pen to paper were urged to do so from special circumstances, as when absent, or in prison, and from accidental motives; but (*c*) even then, they did not address their writings to the whole Church, but to some one or another section specially needing them, or to some local church, and occasionally even to single individuals, as is the case in the Epistles to Titus, to Timothy, and to Philemon, etc.

V. Because the very form and construction of the Scriptures seem to show that the Bible was never intended to be a text-book of doctrine, or a summary of belief. There is no clear or methodical statement of the teaching of Christ, proceeding in regular sequence, but exhortations, narratives, and incidents, etc., are all intermingled.

VI. Because the entire Bible was not even composed until whole generations of Christians had passed away. The Gospel and Apocalypse of St. John, for example, had no existence for more than sixty years after our Lord's ascension.

VII. Because even after the various books of Scripture had been composed, they were not at once gathered together into one volume. Some were to be found in one place, some in another, and it was not until hundreds of years had rolled slowly by that the various inspired writings were collected and placed under the same cover; so that during many generations scarcely any one could have even seen the complete collection, unless indeed he were a great traveller.

VIII. Because even when at last the whole of the

[1] St. Paul was, of course, not one of "the twelve" Apostles.

inspired writings had been collected into one volume, not one person in a thousand could have obtained possession of them. There was no printing; and even paper had not yet been invented, so that the only possible means of securing a copy of this volume (in which each man is supposed to find his religion) was to get it written out by hand, letter by letter, and word by word: a process which would, according to some authorities, take a scribe five years to accomplish. Nor was this all: the copy had to be written, not on paper, which had not then come into use, but on vellum or parchment. As a consequence, the price was enormous and prohibitive. No one but a rich man could afford to purchase such a thing. So that for fourteen hundred years the system of "the Bible and the Bible only," interpreted by each individual, was clearly an impossible one, and, if impossible, then to be rejected by every reasonable and reflecting man. The well-known historian, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, is no Catholic, yet he observes: "Protestantism *could not possibly have existed* without a general diffusion of the Bible, and that diffusion was impossible until after the two inventions of paper and printing."[1] Clearly a religion dependent for its very existence upon such human inventions, unknown during fourteen centuries of Christianity, cannot be the religion of Christ.

IX. There was not only the initial difficulty of procuring a copy of the Scriptures, there was the yet further difficulty of reading them. The Protestant historian, Macaulay, tells us that: "There was then throughout the greater part of Europe very little knowledge, and that little was confined to the clergy. Not one man in five hundred," he says, "could have spelled his way through a single psalm; books were

[1] *Rationalism in Europe*, vol. ii. p. 209.

few and costly: the art of printing was unknown." "Probably," writes Abbé Bégin, a professor of the University of Laval, "there is no exaggeration in saying that nine-tenths of the population were not in a position to read the manuscript of the Bible. According to the Protestant system we should have to conclude, therefore, that these poor unfortunate beings had no rule of faith, and were out of the path of salvation."

X. Because, whereas we *know*, on the one hand, that Christ desired and prayed for unity of faith and doctrine among His disciples, we know, on the other hand, that the "Bible only" system has been, and is, the direct cause of interminable divisions and innumerable dissensions. In the words of the historian Lecky:[1]

"It has been most abundantly proved that from Scripture *honest* and *able* men have derived and do derive arguments in support of the most opposite opinions."[2] And if this be true in the case of "honest and able men," what will be the result in the case of the less honest and the less able? In our eyes such a system stands self-condemned.

The above facts present themselves as insuperable difficulties against the Protestant rule of faith. But there remain others far greater still. There are three fundamental tenets which are absolutely essential to the Protestant theory, but which on strict Protestant principles we hold to be absolutely unproved and unprovable. Let me exemplify them in this way: A Protestant comes up to me, holding the Bible in his hand. He says: "This is the word of God; this the foundation of my faith. I don't want any infallible

[1] On 2nd November 1895, Mr. Lecky wrote: "I was brought up in the Church of England, and have never severed myself from it."—*Vide St. James's Gazette*, 14th November 1895.

[2] *Rationalism in Europe*, vol. ii. p. 174.

Church to teach me. All I need lies here, within the cover of this book." Thus Dean Farrar is reported to have said: "We take our stand on the open Bible, and declare it to be the very charter of our existence." What would we naturally reply? We would say: "Not so fast, my friend. Are you *quite sure* that you hold in your hand the true Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible?"

I. Take the most important part of it, viz., the New Testament. Consider its history. It was written by different men, at different times, in different places, and under different circumstances. The different Gospels and Epistles composing it were floating about in different parts of the Church, together with dozens and scores of other Epistles and Gospels,[1] and it was not till the fourth century that the Catholic Church, after carefully examining them one by one, said: "This is Scripture"; "that is not Scripture": "this we enrol in the canon"; "that we reject." For example, there is said to be a Gospel which has been attributed to one of the twelve Apostles, viz., to St. Bartholomew.[2] The Catholic Church said: We reject that, even though the writer *was an Apostle*; on the other hand, there was a Gospel written by St. Luke, who was *not an Apostle*, and the Church said: We accept that even though the writer was not an Apostle.

In this way the present Bible came into existence. Now, either the Church which made the selection is

[1] Note, for instance, the Protevangelion, the Gospel according to St. Thomas, the Gospel of Nicodemus, the Acts of Paul and Thecla, the Epistles of St. Clement, of St. Barnabas, the Books of Hermas, the Acts of St. Andrew, and a great many others, which the Church has refused to insert in the Canon of Scripture.

[2] The Gospel according to St. Bartholomew is mentioned by St. Jerome.

infallible, or she is not infallible. If you admit her to be infallible, then you are bound to listen to her, and to obey her, and you must become a member of the Catholic Church, which is the only Church which has ever even so much as put forward the claim; but if you say she is fallible, then you acknowledge that she may err; and if she may err, then she may have erred in her selection of the books of Scripture, and you have no certainty that you possess the Holy Bible at all! Some of the books you include may be mere human documents—as, on the other hand, some of the really inspired books may have been omitted. Different Protestant denominations have different Bibles.

Luther rejected from the Canon of the Scriptures Job, Ecclesiastes, the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Second Epistle of St. Peter, and the Second and Third of St. John, that of St. Jude, and the Apocalypse (or Revelations). Calvin rejected Esther, Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus and Maccabees. Spinoza doubts the authenticity of the Pentateuch, Judges, Kings, etc.; Strauss, the Gospel of St. Matthew; Griesbach, the Gospel of St. Mark. Who will decide between these, and countless others, if there be no infallible court of appeal, no unerring voice to pronounce sentence? No! If there be no infallible Church to settle such questions, no one can declare with any certainty that he possesses the Scriptures at all. Even were one satisfied with human testimony, it would not help one, since human testimony itself is not agreed on the point.

II. A second difficulty arises concerning the question of inspiration. What proof can any one bring forward that the Bible (granted that we have the Bible) contains the whole inspired word of God, and

nothing but the inspired word of God? Inspiration is not a thing that can be proved by mere history or intrinsic evidence. Whether the Holy Ghost Himself has guided and guarded a writer and protected him from all error, etc., can be known only by an appeal to authority. It does not admit of ordinary direct proof, or of ocular demonstration. So that, unless the authority appealed to be an infallible one, a man cannot be absolutely sure that the Scriptures are inspired. No such authority can be found outside the Catholic Church. There is not even agreement among the various Protestant denominations upon this most important, and in their case, positively essential, point.

III. But the third difficulty is the most insuperable of all, and that is the difficulty of correct interpretation. The Bible, however holy a book, and however certainly inspired, is not merely useless, but worse than useless to one who draws from it doctrines and principles which are contrary to its real teaching. Yet this is inevitable, unless there be a Divinely assisted, and consequently an infallible interpreter. Some would persuade us that the Bible is an easy and simple book to understand; so easy, in fact, that "he who runs may read." Nothing could be further from the truth. This may be proved from the Scriptures themselves. Thus the Eunuch of the Queen of Ethiopia, who was studying the writings of the prophet Isaias as he journeyed home, admitted to the Deacon Philip that he could not understand the sense of what he read, unless some one explained it to him. After reading out some prophetic utterances, he turned to Philip and said: "I beseech thee, of whom doth the prophet speak this? of himself, or of some other man?" (see Acts viii. 27–35). The Eunuch

himself was unable to decide, so he appealed to a higher authority.

In the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel (verse 25 *et seq.*) we have another illustration of the difficulty of correctly interpreting the inspired text. Our Lord is obliged to interpret, to His own disciples on their way to Emmaus, "the things concerning himself, beginning from Moses and from all the prophets." He told them that they had not understood, and therefore He "opened to them the Scriptures"—*διηρμήνευεν αὐτοῖς ἐν πάσαις ταῖς γραφαῖς τὰ περὶ ἑαυτοῦ* (verse 27). St. Peter, inspired by the Holy Ghost, reveals to us still more clearly that there are "certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures (*ὡς καὶ τὰς λοιπὰς γραφὰς*), to their own destruction" (2 Peter iii. 16).

The truth of this contention is fully borne out by the experience of past and present ages. One person reads the Divine oracles in one way, and another in another, so that from one and the same infallible source are derived totally distinct and opposite doctrines. The followers of Novatian take one view and the followers of Sabellius another; while Donatists, Arians, Pelagians, and Nestorians all differ among themselves. Truly does Erasmus remark that "the interpretation of the Scriptures by individual minds has never ended in anything but laming texts, which walked perfectly straight before"; while St. Augustine, as early as the fifth century, declared: "non aliunde natæ sunt hæreses, nisi dum Scripturæ bonæ intelliguntur non bene." Butler reminds us how

> Religion spawn'd a various rout
> Of petulant capricious sects,
> The maggots of corrupted texts.

Some Protestants to whom the objection has been put have attempted to meet it by saying: "The difficulties pointed out may have some existence in the case of careless and worldly-minded men, but if a devout Christian takes up the Bible with reverence, places himself in the presence of God, and earnestly prays for the assistance and light of the Holy Spirit, he will be sure to arrive at its correct and true meaning, so that he has nothing to fear." Well! We English are considered a practical people. We like to test the theory for ourselves; for to use a homely phrase, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." Then let us, for the moment, accept the theory, just to see how it works. Take three honourable, good, and learned men; *i.e.*, (1) the Anglican Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. King; (2) the Anglican Bishop of Liverpool, the late Dr. Ryle; and (3) the late Rev. Dr. Martineau, a representative of Unitarianism. Each believes in the Bible. Each, no doubt, approaches the study of it in becoming dispositions. Each craves God's grace, and light, and assistance. Yet each rises from his knees holding a totally different and wholly irreconcilable doctrine. The Protestant Bishop of Lincoln finds authority in Scripture for a sacrificing priesthood, for priestly absolution, and for the real presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. The late Protestant Bishop of Liverpool, on the other hand, can discover nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he finds that any clergyman who attempts or pretends to forgive sins is usurping the authority of Christ; further, he fails to discover any reason for believing that Christ is truly present under the sacramental species. "This is My Body" means one thing to the Protestant Bishop of Lincoln, and quite another to the late Protestant Bishop of Liverpool.

Still both are able to find in the Bible the Divinity of Christ. But a Unitarian, as clever and as sincere as any Anglican prelate, takes up the inspired writings, and he can find no proof within its pages even that Christ is God! He prays, and studies, and reads the Bible, and then comes to the conclusion that Christ is not God at all. You urge that the Scripture speaks of Christ as "God," and as the "Son of God." He will reply: "Yes, but may not such words be applied to a mere man? Does not the psalmist say, 'Ye are *all* gods, and sons of the Most High'"? If you return to the charge and point out that Christ's Divinity is clearly contained in His own declaration, "I and the Father are one," he will again retort: "Not at all; that is merely a union of heart and will such as exists, or may exist, among men. Nay, this is [he will urge] evidently from Christ's prayer—'Father, that *they* may be one, *even as I and Thou art one.*'" This is a fair specimen of the absurd and senseless position to which the private interpretation of the Bible inevitably leads. Here are three well-known, highly-respected, learned and scholarly men each discovering a totally different doctrine in the self-same words.

Is the Holy Ghost directing them all? Is the Changeless, Eternal, and Uncreated Truth whispering "yes" in the ears of one, and "no" into the ears of another; and declaring that a thing is false and true, black and white, at one and the same time? To say so would be blasphemous. If, instead of three highly-educated and distinguished men of recognized ability, we take the millions of educated and uneducated, learned and unlearned, young and old, rich and poor, the effect of such a system becomes still more apparent, and its consequences still more hopelessly absurd and appalling.

To sum up: 1. We believe that the Incarnate Son of God came upon earth to teach the truth. This, indeed, is stated in the most emphatic way by Christ Himself in the Hall of Pilate, viz.: "For this was I born, and for this came I into the world; that I should give testimony to the *truth*" (John xviii. 37). We believe with St. Paul that "the Church is the pillar and ground of truth"; that the Holy Spirit is to "remain with her for ever to teach her all truth"; and that "the gates of hell (*i.e.*, of error) shall not prevail."

2. We believe truth to be one, and that it cannot be anything but one, and in harmony with itself. We hold that two Churches, teaching contradictory doctrines, may both possibly be false, but by no possibility can both be true. That they may both be true we regard as a metaphysical impossibility, a self-evident absurdity. But if instead of two, there be five or six hundred claiming to be true Churches of Christ, the absurdity of the situation becomes more glaring and monstrous.

3. That there can be but one true Church follows, not merely from the intrinsic nature of truth itself, but also from the repeated and express declaration of the Divine Founder of Christianity, *e.g.*, "There shall be *one* fold or flock, and one Shepherd" (John x. 16). "Be ye all *one Body* and one spirit, as you are called in one hope of your calling. One Lord, *one faith*, one baptism" (Eph. iv. 4, 5). A body is but *one* organized whole; but:—"You are the body of Christ, and members one of another," and so forth. Further, the very comparisons our Lord makes use of express the same truth. He likens His Church to (*a*) a Kingdom, (*b*) a City, (*c*) a House, (*d*) a Family, (*e*) a Fold or Flock, (*f*) a Tree, (*g*) a Body, etc. All these figures

imply a most essential unity, together with diversity. What is more various than the different parts of a living body? Yet what is more essentially one, and in harmony with itself?

4. If unity be essential and vitally important, what constitutes the bond of unity? "The Bible," cry out the Protestant Churches. "The living and imperishable voice of the Divinely assisted, and (*because* Divinely assisted) infallible Church," exclaim Catholics. The one system maintains true unity in a community of between two hundred and fifty and three hundred millions, consisting of men of every race and nation, and character and disposition, and language under heaven. The other system cannot secure unity, even within a national Church, among men of the same race and country, and of the same general character and antecedents—nay, cannot secure unity upon the most vital points of Christian doctrine either among the people, or the clergy, or even among the bishops themselves.

Private judgement in religious matters is not merely contrary to the whole idea of a *teaching* Church; but it is by its very nature a strong solvent of all true unity. Even such a pronounced Protestant historian as Lord Macaulay could not fail to see that, and to confess it. "Our way of ascertaining the tendency of free enquiry is simply to open our eyes and look at the world in which we live: and there we see that free enquiry on mathematical subjects produces unity, and that *free enquiry on moral subjects produces discrepancy.*" — Macaulay's *Gladstone on Church and State.*

There is no logical resting-place between Catholicism and Rationalism.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

The First Experiment in Civil and Religious Liberty.

BY JAMES CARMONT.

AMONG the many benefits which Protestantism claims to have conferred upon the world is that of having procured for mankind its first experience of civil and religious liberty, as practised in this nineteenth century. Protestants have repeated this fiction to themselves and to their neighbours so often and so confidently, that it is little matter for surprise that they should, by mere force of repetition, have acquired a firm conviction of its truth. George IV. is said to have asserted so frequently that he was present at the Battle of Waterloo, and in command of a brigade there, that he ended in believing his own story, and so thoroughly that he, on one occasion at least, even ventured to appeal to the Duke of Wellington for confirmation of its accuracy. In like manner, Protestants do not hesitate to appeal even to Catholics, who have had, in times past, such hard experience of Protestant toleration, and they are hurt at our ingratitude, and surprised at our prejudice, if we venture to call in question the truth of their allegation. Too frequently, indeed, through want of definite information on the subject, Catholics allow the claim to pass unchallenged; they content themselves with

imitating the courtier-like reply of the Iron Duke to the appeal of His Majesty as to whether he was not present at the famous battle, "Sire, I have often heard you say so." With similar evasions Catholics not unfrequently allow the claim to hold the field, and suffer their Protestant friends to remain undisturbed in their delusion.

The assertion goes, of course, much further than we have stated. Not only do Protestants pose as the friends—the original, steady, and consistent friends—of civil and religious liberty, but they maintain with cool assurance that we Catholics have always been, and are, under all circumstances and conditions of society, its enemies. George IV. was content to assert his own presence at Waterloo, and his right to a share in the glory of the world-famous battle. He never ventured to call in question the Duke's position as leader in the field. By their opponents, Catholics are not merely refused the credit of being participators in the struggle for civil and religious liberty, but they are represented as fighting under the enemy's flag—nay, more, they are the enemy themselves. To support this charge on Catholics and their religion, every field of attack has been explored, and only too frequently the sources of information have been poisoned. In the field of history, for example, the foolish, rash, or criminal acts of Catholics, or professing Catholics—no matter how repugnant to other Catholics, better and wiser than they—are skilfully represented as necessary and inevitable consequences of their religious belief. In particular, no pains have been spared to strengthen the chain of evidence by which Catholics are to be convicted of being, under

all circumstances, the enemies, and Protestants exhibited as the friends, of civil and religious liberty. In this paper we propose to show, and that chiefly on the testimony of Protestant or non-Catholic writers of acknowledged competence and impartiality, that the popular verdict ought to be reversed—that when the altered circumstances of the world seemed to render a change necessary, the first application of the principle in question was made, not among the Protestants of Germany, the Covenanters of Scotland, or the Puritans of England or America, all of whom have been praised in turn as its authors in their respective countries, but in a humble settlement projected and organized by a handful of poor despised English Catholics in the reign of Charles I. —and that the experiment was successfully carried out among them as long as they were permitted to conduct it.

The man to whom the credit of the undertaking is due, is George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, the founder of what has not unfairly been called the Catholic State of Maryland, from the prominence which Catholics enjoyed in it. It is matter for regret that the public has hitherto remained too little acquainted with the interesting work to which he and his sons, Cecil and Leonard, devoted their lives. George Calvert was born at Ripley in Yorkshire in the year 1582, as the long reign of the last of the Tudors was drawing to its gloomy close. He was educated at Oxford, and, after taking his degree, spent a considerable time in foreign travel. On his return to England he entered political life ; sat in Parliament for his native county of York, received the honour

of knighthood, and afterwards, under the patronage of Sir Robert Cecil, became one of the two Secretaries of State for the Kingdom, and a member of the Privy Council. His literary ability was considerable, and several of his works in Latin and English, on moral, political, and social subjects have been preserved to our own day to testify to it. His capacity for business and his industry were acknowledged on all hands. Possessed of these advantages, and placed in a position in which they were not likely to miss their reward—enjoying the favour of his Sovereign and the good opinion of the world—who can say to what heights of prosperity Calvert might not have risen, but for one fatal barrier to his success? In the early part of the seventeenth century, the suppression of the Catholic Church in England—a work of force and fraud—was only a recently accomplished fact. The numerous conversions to the Catholic Church which took place under Elizabeth, show that under an exterior of ashes the embers of the old faith still glowed with life and heat, and that but slight exertion was needed to kindle them into flame. Calvert had travelled much, had seen the Catholic religion in its centre of unity, and had associated with its adherents. He had been dismayed at the proteus-like aspects of Protestantism, and the numberless divisions into which it had already split, made him doubt the purity of its origin, and despair of its future. Once convinced, he suffered no worldly obstacles to bar his path of duty, but returned to the faith of his fathers, abandoning in the prime of life the brilliant career which had just opened before him. Though by doing so he did not altogether

forfeit the favour of his Sovereign, it was clear that from the time Sir George Calvert became a Catholic, his political career, lately so promising, was ended. He still, however, retained his place in the Privy Council, and was advanced to the dignity of an Irish Peerage, under the title of Lord Baltimore, of Baltimore, in County Longford.

While the sunshine of political prosperity still shone upon him, Calvert had taken great part in promoting the movement which impelled so many Englishmen to leave their native land to try their fortunes amid the trackless wilds of America, of which, although more than one hundred years had passed since its discovery, little more was then known than the seaboard, and even that imperfectly. He had been a member of the great Company which colonized Virginia, and while Secretary of State he had obtained a patent, or grant, of Avalon, the southern promontory of Newfoundland. Those who have related the story of his life tell of the generosity with which he lavished his extensive fortune in promoting the interests of the settlement entrusted to him, of his care in selecting emigrants, and of the diligence and kindness with which he endeavoured to instil into them principles of industry, economy, and order. But the climate was found to be colder and the soil less fruitful than his agents had represented them to be—earlier colonists were jealous of the privileges which had been accorded to him—the English possessions were menaced by the French, who held the adjoining territories, and though he appears to have acted with becoming vigour, and to have gallantly repelled by force at arms the

attacks made upon his settlement, he found his hopes of success doomed to disappointment. He thereupon resolved to try whether, in the richer country which lay towards the sunny South, a more successful attempt might not be made to found a settlement in which he might not only employ his great wealth, but establish for himself and his suffering co-religionists a place of refuge from the persecution which had become chronic in England.

He first turned his attention to the vast Province of Virginia, the original charter for which had recently been cancelled by James I., and he visited that State in person in the year 1629, in order to see what prospects it afforded for establishing a settlement. Land there was in abundance, and settlers were few, but with these few, Protestant intolerance had already entered, and Lord Baltimore and his followers were, as a condition of settling, confronted with the oath of allegiance to the King, and of his supremacy in matters temporal and spiritual, couched in terms which no Catholic could accept. It was in vain that Lord Baltimore offered to pledge himself by a form of oath which a Catholic might take with a safe conscience, and in vain, too, he pointed out that in attempting to force the obnoxious oath upon him, the authorities of Virginia were exceeding the powers committed to them by law. The opposition was too strong, and, foiled in his attempt, Lord Baltimore returned to England.

But time and experience had in the meantime enabled him to mature a bolder scheme. The oppression from which Catholics suffered weighed upon his mind, and he conceived the generous idea

of undertaking an enterprise which should relieve their sufferings, and at the same time extend the power and influence of the English nation. Other peoples of Europe had begun to scramble for the rich provinces which lay open to the enterprise of their adventurous subjects, and it was not difficult for a man of the high character of Lord Baltimore, to obtain from King Charles, who had then newly succeeded to the throne of England, a charter of the territory to the north-east of Virginia, which afterwards received the name of Maryland, in compliment, it is understood, to Charles' newly-married Queen, Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France.

By the Charter, the extensive territory was to be held of the Crown, by the tenure of fealty only, for the singular payment of a yearly rent of "two Indian arrows of those parts, every year on Easter Tuesday," and one-fifth part of all the gold and silver ore which might be discovered within the domain.[1] To the emigrants was secured an independent share in the legislation of the province, the statutes of which were to be established by the advice and approbation of its freemen or their deputies. Provision was made for representative government, and it was enacted that the authority of the proprietary should not extend to the life, the freehold, or the estate of the colonists.

Christianity was made the law of Maryland, but to no sect of Christians was given predominance or pre-eminence over another, and to each man was religious freedom secured, as well as civil liberty. The province was exempted for ever from English taxation, and so absolute was the freedom accorded

[1] Hazard, i. 327.

to it, that neither was recourse to the English King necessary for confirmation of the Acts or deeds of the Legislature, nor was it even required that when passed or enacted, these should be intimated to him. Such was the Charter, the like of which had never before passed the Great Seal of England, obtained by the Catholic founder of the settlement of Maryland; such were the provisions which, it is believed, were penned by Lord Baltimore himself. Surely they merit the warmest recognition in our democratic days, as the first successful attempt to introduce a new principle of civil government suited to the altered circumstances of the world.

Let us hear the terms in which it is described by Bancroft, the eminent historian of the United States, and the warm admirer and apologist of the Puritans of New England:

> Calvert deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent lawgivers of all ages. He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience. . . . The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the State.[1]

Testimony such as this is too important to be overlooked, in discussing the claim of Protestantism to have been the first to recognize the altered conditions of society into which the world had entered, and to inaugurate a new departure suited to the times.

The Charter was nearly completed when, on June 20, 1632, Lord Baltimore died, leaving a name

[1] Bancroft, *History of United States*, c. vii. 185.

which the breath of slander had hardly dared to sully. The high regard in which he had been held by the King, rendered it an easy matter for his son Cecil, second Lord of the name, to procure the Charter designed for his father. Cecil was a worthy inheritor of the estimable qualities of his parent, but whether he did not possess the same enterprising disposition, or sufficient physical strength, he does not appear to have ever visited the colony over whose fortunes he never ceased to watch with paternal solicitude. The most probable explanation is, that in those troublous times, when Catholics were exposed to so many risks, it was absolutely necessary for the safety of the settlement, that it should have a protector at home to ward off the dangers to which, as we shall find, its existence was continually exposed. He committed the active management of the enterprise to his younger brother Leonard, whom he appointed Governor of Maryland, and who fully and ably fulfilled the trust committed to him, till his death in 1647.

The Charter being sealed, and all preparations made, the enterprise being favoured by the suspension of the statutes which restrained emigration from England, it may readily be supposed that, harassed and persecuted as Catholics had been during the last two reigns, it could not be a difficult matter to find a sufficient number of them ready to avail themselves of any means of escape from the grinding tyranny which had crushed them to the earth. A company numbering about two hundred, chiefly, but not exclusively, Catholics, was gathered together, and sailed from Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, on

November 22, 1633. Among the party we find the names of Gerard, Winter, Wiseman, Green, Fairfax, Baxter, Hill, and others, so often repeated in the lists of "Popish recusants" under Elizabeth and James. The vessel which bore them from the shores of their native land was named the *Ark and Dove*, a title appropriate to a band of exiles seeking a place of refuge, in which they might forget the troubles that had driven them from their native land. The course which the vessel took would, in our days, be considered a strange one. Instead of boldly steering to the West, they sailed by the Azores, and thence by Barbadoes and St. Christopher's to the shores of Virginia. It is highly illustrative of the persecutions to which Catholics were exposed in those unhappy times, that the emigrants, on touching at Montserrat, found there a colony of Irishmen who had been exiled from Virginia on account of their religion.

The expedition arrived off Point Comfort towards the end of February, 1634, after a prosperous voyage. Entering Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River in search of a suitable place whereon to found a settlement, they anchored off a small Indian town called Joamaco, on the St. Mary's River. Meeting with a friendly reception from the natives, Calvert soon came to an amicable arrangement with them, obtaining from them at once one-half of their town, and a promise to surrender the other half later in the season, when they had completed their arrangements for withdrawing further inland, which for other reasons they had already resolved to do. Landing with his followers on March 25, 1634, Leonard

Calvert entered upon the territory granted to his brother, and took possession "for our Saviour, and for our Sovereign Lord the King of England."

The following extract from a letter written by Father Andrew White, one of the Jesuit missionaries who accompanied the settlers in their search for a new home, will be read with interest, as showing the dispositions in which the Catholic portion of them commenced their new career.

> On the day of the Annunciation of the Most Holy Virgin Mary [writes Father White] we celebrated on this Island [namely, on a small place called St. Clement's Island], the first Mass which had been ever offered up in this part of the world. After we had completed the Sacrifice, we took upon our shoulders a great cross which we had shaped out of a tree, and advancing in order to the appointed place, with the assistance of the Governor and his associates and the other Catholics, we erected a trophy to Christ, the Saviour, humbly reciting on our bended knees the Litanies of the Holy Cross, with great emotion.

The little Indian town was made the seat of the Colonial Assembly, and the name "St. Mary's" given to it, shows the Catholic instinct which animated the settlers, and prompted them to place their enterprise under the patronage of the "Help of Christians." Peace and good fortune smiled upon the rising colony—the emigrants came at a season suited to their enterprise—the rich land yielded them abundant crops of corn, and their new-found Indian friends instructed the wives of the colonists in the art of making Indian bread, while their husbands were taught the Indian ways of trapping game, which swarmed in abundance in the trackless forest. After a few months, it could be said that the prosperity

of Maryland had advanced as much as that of Virginia had done in as many years.

And here we may point out how pleasantly the conduct of the colonists of Maryland contrasts with that of a Puritan band, which about the same time landed at Salem, in Massachusetts. Peace and harmony reigned among the former, in spite of the religious differences which existed among them. Of the two hundred who landed at Salem, all were Protestants without exception, and that moreover of a pronounced type, who had contended zealously for what they called religious freedom. Hardly had they landed to make their thanksgiving for a prosperous voyage, when "religious" strife began. The Book of Common Prayer was then, as now, a rock of offence to the extremists of the party. By some it was unsparingly condemned. Others were strongly attached to its use in forms of worship to which they had been accustomed from their childhood, and they refused to give it up at the bidding of prejudiced fanaticism. The upholders of the Prayer Book were the weaker party. They were censured, denounced, and for the most part terrified into silence. Their leaders, whose conscientious convictions were too strong to be overcome, and who could not be forced into submission, were treated like criminals, seized and shipped back to England, there to consider whether the intolerance of the Church of England, or that of Puritan zealots, was the harder to bear.

But troubles soon disturbed the peace of Maryland. The evil genius of the colony was, undoubtedly, a certain Captain William Clayborne, a highly-placed official of the State of Virginia. There, as

in later times, officials enriched themselves not so much by the emoluments of office, as by their perquisites, and the opportunities for trade which their position afforded them. Before the arrival of Leonard Calvert in Maryland, Clayborne had obtained a provincial commission to trade with the Indians, and to explore Chesapeake Bay. He had planted an establishment in the Isle of Kent, in the heart of the province, and in virtue of this irregular settlement he contested the right of Lord Baltimore to that island and to other parts of Maryland. Resting as it did on Royal patent, Lord Baltimore's right was undoubtedly superior to that of Clayborne, whose position was more that of a private adventurer. Still, being a man of great determination of character and apparently conceiving himself to have suffered wrong, he waged determined war against Lord Baltimore's rights, and involved the rising settlement in disorder and bloodshed during a long series of years.

Availing himself of the prejudices which existed in the minds of the natives against the Spaniards, he first attempted to deprive the settlers of the confidence of the Indians, by representing to them that their new friends were of that nation, and would soon practise upon them the cruelties which had made the name of Spaniard hated and feared throughout America. The religion of the colonists gave some colour to the slander, and the simple Indians silently withdrew from their neighbourhood, leaving the settlers perplexed and alarmed at their desertion. It was not long, however, till the natives found that they had been deceived, and the former friendly relations were soon re-established. Clayborne

then had recourse to arms, but the Governor having assembled a superior force, defeated the insurgents, took several prisoners, and denounced their leader as a pirate. Clayborne escaped, and made his way to England, where, having influential friends ready to take up any story to the disadvantage of Catholics, he nearly succeeded in stirring up mischief. King Charles, however, on becoming acquainted with the true circumstances of the case, dismissed the complaints, and for some years Maryland obtained peace, and was blest with prosperity. Here is the testimony which Bancroft bears to the state of Maryland in 1642, eight years after its first settlement:

> Maryland in that day was unsurpassed for happiness and liberty. Conscience was without restraint; a mild and liberal proprietary conceded every measure which the welfare of the colony required: domestic union, a happy concert between all the branches of government, an increasing emigration, a productive commerce, a fertile soil which Heaven had richly favoured with rivers and deep bays, united to perfect the scene of colonial felicity and contentment. Ever intent on advancing the interests of his colony, Lord Baltimore invited the Puritans of Massachusetts to emigrate to Maryland, offering them lands and privileges and free liberty of religion, but Gibbons, to whom he had awarded a commission, was so wholly tutored in the New England discipline, that he would not advance the wishes of the Irish peer.[1]

From the first the principle adopted by Lord Baltimore, in the settlement and administration of his province, had been that of strict impartiality towards every sect or denomination of Christians. There was freedom for every law-abiding citizen, and every one was secured in the free exercise of his

[1] Bancroft, c. vii. 191.

religion, as well as in the possession of his freehold. The testimony given on this point by the historian, whose words we have already cited, are so important and emphatic that we need hardly apologize for quoting him again:

> But far more memorable was the character of the Maryland institutions. Every other country in the world had persecuting laws. "I will not," such was the oath for the Governor of Maryland, "I will not by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ for, or in respect of religion." Under the mild institutions and munificence of Baltimore, the dreary wilderness soon bloomed with the swarming life and activity of prosperous settlements. The Roman Catholics who were oppressed by the laws of England were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbours of the Chesapeake; and *there*, *too*, *Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance*.[1]

To promote emigration to his colony, Lord Baltimore offered land-grants on the most extensive scale—for example, to each adventurer who should bring into his province in the year 1633 five men aged between sixteen and fifty, 2,000 acres of land of English measure, for the yearly rent of 400 lbs. of wheat; to each adventurer bringing ten men in the years 1634 and 1635, the like extent of 2,000 acres of land, for the yearly rent of 600 lbs. of wheat; and to each adventurer who should bring five men in any year after 1635, 1,000 acres for the yearly rent of 20s., to be paid in the commodities of the country; while to single adventurers 100 acres per man were offered, with 100 more for his wife, if he brought any, and 50 acres for every child under the age of sixteen, at a rent of 10 lbs. of wheat for every

[1] Bancroft, c. vii. 187.

50 acres.[1] In our times an allotment of three acres with a cow is supposed to have powerful attractions for the agricultural community, and votes have been angled for with the tempting bait. It is clear from the above figures, that whatever might have been thought of the cow in the seventeenth century, the three acres would have been regarded as a ridiculously insignificant offer.

We have mentioned that by the Charter to Lord Baltimore, provision, wonderfully liberal for that age, was made for participation by the people in the government of the country. A scheme of Government so laid down, must necessarily have been to a considerable extent experimental, but it redounds to the credit of the proprietary of the colony that, on cause shown, Lord Baltimore evinced on many occasions, a willingness to place the Government on a more popular basis. There was a House of Assembly, a single Chamber, in which originally every free man of the province had a right to sit, either personally, or by deputy, as he chose. Later on, this single Chamber was divided into an Upper and a Lower House.

In his extreme anxiety for the preservation of religious peace, Lord Baltimore appears to have been exceedingly severe towards Catholics and others, who allowed their tempers to get the better of their judgments, and to use harsh or injurious expressions concerning their neighbours' religion. A very hard case was that of a certain Mr. William Lewis, a zealous, but apparently short-tempered Catholic, who allowed himself to be provoked by one of his servants reading aloud in his house some choice extracts from

[1] Bozman, *History of Maryland.*

a bigoted book, such as, "That the Pope was Antichrist and the Jesuits were anti-Christian ministers." Lewis flew into a passion, and said that "it was a falsehood, and came from the devil, as all lies did, and he that writ it was an instrument of the devil, and he would prove it." Though the master's irritable temper appears to have been deliberately worked upon, he was tried, convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of 500 lbs. of tobacco, besides having to find security for 3,000 lbs. more to keep the peace for six months. Of the same anxiety on Lord Baltimore's part we may judge from the following provision in section 3 of the "Act concerning religion," passed in 1649:

> Persons reproaching any other within the province by the name or denomination of heretick, schismatick, idolater, Puritan, Independent, Presbyterian, Popish priest, Jesuit, Jesuitic Papist, Lutheran, Calvinist, Anabaptist, Brownist, Antinomian, Barronist, Roundhead, Separatist, or any other name or term in a reproachful manner, relating to matters of religion, [shall] forfeit 10s. sterling for each offence; one half to the person reproached, the other half to his lordship, or in default of payment, to be publicly whipped and imprisoned without bail or mainprise until the offender shall satisfy the person reproached by asking him or her respectively forgiveness publicly for such offence, before the chief officer or magistrate of the town or place where the offence shall be given.[1]

A pleasing feature in Lord Baltimore's administration is the anxiety shown for the avoidance of hostilities with the Indians, into whose country the settlers had in some measure intruded. Wars with them could not indeed be entirely avoided, for his Government was bound to protect the friendly Indians who had given

[1] Bozman, *History of Maryland.*

the early settlers such a kindly reception, and who had thereby incurred the wrath of their more implacable comrades. Yet the history of Maryland does not appear to have been stained by any of those frightful massacres which occurred in Virginia and New England. Neither were Indians excluded from the exercise of the franchise. By a law passed in 1681 under Charles, third Lord Baltimore, every freeholder, white, negro, or Indian, possessing fifty acres of land—a small holding in Maryland—or personality to the value of £40, was entitled to exercise electoral rights. Curiously enough this franchise lasted in Maryland to the present century, when, in 1803, the poorest white acquired the franchise, and the negro and the Indian lost it. In Virginia, the negro, the mulatto, and the Indian were disfranchised in 1723. The feelings of Lord Baltimore towards the aborigines are best shown by his well-meant attempt to preserve them in their rights and liberties, and to allow them the opportunity of following their native habits, by making a reservation of ten thousand acres of land selected by themselves as best suited for the purpose. Of this experiment we shall only say, that if it failed, it did so in other hands than those of the Catholics of Maryland.

In considering the claim made by Catholics for the credit of initiating the first successful experiment which the world has witnessed, of combining, in a community radically divided in religious belief, the free exercise of civil rights with religious toleration, many Protestants may be ready to admit that facts undoubtedly bear out the claim—as they do the assertion that it was a Catholic who discovered

America, and another who invented the art of printing—yet they may feel convinced that the experiment must have been in the hands of Catholics not only much in advance of the age in which they lived, but also singularly independent of the influence of their clergy. To such it may be of special interest to inquire what provision was made by Lord Baltimore for the spiritual interests of the Catholic portion of his colonists, and in what section or order of the clergy it was possible for him to find men who would not only abstain from using their influence to thwart his enlightened aims, but would support and further them. Of all orders of the Catholic clergy the ordinary Protestant would find it difficult to suppose that Lord Baltimore would find such men in the ranks of the Jesuits, and yet it was precisely to them that he turned for assistance in his enterprise. The result justified his selection, for the relations which subsisted between them and the proprietary, as well as between them and the population of the colony, Catholic and Protestant alike—the Puritan subverters of the free constitution of Maryland excepted—were singularly happy, and prove that the confidence reposed in them was not misplaced.

In this short paper, only a brief reference is possible to the noble band of missionaries who kept alive the light of Catholic faith during the dark days which, as we shall see, were to come upon Maryland. Prominent among them was Father Andrew White, of whose name mention has already been made. He accompanied the first expedition in the *Ark and Dove*, and his labours on behalf of the flock committed to his care, and zeal in extending

the faith of Christ among the pagan Indian tribes of the country, have deservedly gained for him the title of "Apostle of Maryland." He was a typical English Jesuit of the period, full of zeal for the faith, and ready at all times to use his utmost efforts to extend it. Cool and undaunted in danger, and patient in suffering, neither prison nor exile, nor fear of death itself, could deter him from following out the holy vocation to which he had devoted his life and energies. Scarcely less distinguished was Father Philip Fisher, who shared with Father White the dangers of the Maryland Mission, and who along with him was seized in 1644 by the Puritan insurgents whose doings we have briefly to chronicle, and with him was sent to England in irons. Nothing daunted, the courageous missionary, after regaining his liberty, returned to Maryland, where his reappearance was welcomed as that of an "Angel of God," by the settlers and Indians, to both of whom the missionaries had endeared themselves by their labours and services.

Clayborne, Lord Baltimore's inveterate foe, did not by any means relax his hostile pursuit of his enemy's Government, on the failure of his first endeavour to seize the Isle of Kent. A more successful attempt was made by him in 1644 in combination with one Richard Ingle—"the pirate Ingle," as he is called by Catholic writers of the day. In the early part of that year the insurgents succeeded for a time in obtaining the mastery, and Leonard Calvert, the Governor, was forced to abandon the colony and take refuge in Virginia. For a year they retained the power which, through

the unpreparedness of the colonists, they had been able to seize, and it was not till near the end of 1646 that the Governor was able to collect a force sufficient to expel the rebels and recapture the district of St. Mary's. This success was afterwards followed by the submission of the county of Kent. Before being driven from the former stronghold, Ingle and his associates showed their malignant spirit by using their opportunity to destroy or embezzle the public records, and to purloin the Great Seal, thus throwing a cloud of obscurity over the history of the province, and introducing the utmost confusion and insecurity of possession of property in it. Fleeing from justice, Clayborne, Ingle, and their confederates made their way to England, where their accusations against the "Popish Government" of the province were only too favourably received by the Protestants and Presbyterians, who had now gained the upper hand. Leonard Calvert, who had so faithfully assisted his brother in the administration of his province, died in 1647, shortly after its reconquest.

Relieved at last, to some extent, from fears of immediate disturbance, Lord Baltimore's Government struggled on during the next few years, endeavouring to promote the welfare of the colony in every way, encouraging useful legislation, and placing upon their statute-book additional provisions, such as we have already quoted, for safeguarding and extending the principle of civil and religious liberty, to which all along Lord Baltimore had shown himself so friendly. Prominent among the Acts passed by the colonial Government is the remarkable one enacted in the year 1649, by which evidence was given to the world

that no feeling of vindictiveness against the promoters and abettors of the recently quelled disturbances, however justly incurred, had been, or would be for the future, allowed to interfere with the principle of civil and religious liberty on which they had taken their stand. Again it was enacted, in conformity with that principle,

> And whereas the forcing of the conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence, in those commonwealths where it has been practised, and for the more quiet and peaceable government of this province, and the better to preserve mutual love and amity among the inhabitants, no person within this province professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall be any ways troubled, molested, or discountenanced, for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof.[1]

But a more serious trial was at hand for Lord Baltimore and the Catholic party from the operation of the very principle of civil and religious liberty, of which they were the authors and the consistent and steadfast defenders. In the New England States the adherents of the Church of England were not allowed a footing, nor was their worship tolerated. In Virginia the state of matters was reversed. There the Church of England was supreme, and as long as it was so, it would tolerate no worship but its own. To Maryland fled the New England Episcopalian, from the persecution of his New England Protestant brethren; to Maryland, and chiefly to the district of Providence—now Annapolis—fled the Virginian Puritan, to escape the pursuit of the equally intolerant Episcopalian. Both were welcomed in Lord Baltimore's territory, and each was free to worship

[1] Langford, 27.

God in his own way, assured of the protection of just laws, and of the free exercise of his religion. Pity it is that these same Puritans, the boasted advocates of civil and religious liberty, were destitute not only of the principles of which they so unjustifiably made a boast, but of the commonest feelings of gratitude towards the Government of the colony which had given them refuge in the day of their distress. So early as the year 1651, we find indications of their disaffection to the established Government of the country, in their refusal to send representatives to the House of Assembly. Numerous, bigoted, and overbearing, they scrupled to burden their tender consciences with the oath of fidelity to a "Popish" proprietary, into whose territory they had entered of their own free-will. Matters came to a crisis in 1652, and the years which intervened between that date and the death of Cromwell were years of anxiety, harassment, and distress to the Catholics of Maryland.

For a few years previous to 1652 the unsettled state of parties in England, and the uncertainty which prevailed there as to the changes which might result from the next turn of the political wheel, did not fail to produce a corresponding confusion in the settlements on the American side of the Atlantic. Lord Baltimore had indeed, with prudent foresight, given in his adhesion to the Parliamentary party, which was *de facto* the ruling power in the State, but his doing so neither secured his rights, nor gave stability to his Government. Maryland at this period was contended for by four different claimants, and appeared to be regarded as a waif and stray to be

secured by the strongest or least scrupulous adventurer. Lord Baltimore was doing his best to preserve his and his people's chartered rights, which legality, prescription, and lavish expenditure of his private fortune ought to have rendered inviolable. Charles II., angry with Lord Baltimore for his adhesion to Parliament, issued a commission in favour of Sir William Davenant. Virginia, from whose territory Maryland had been severed, watched with longing eyes for an opportunity of reannexing it. But the enmity of Clayborne was more dangerous to Lord Baltimore's rights than the impotent anger of Charles, or the jealousy of Virginia. Clayborne had been associated with Bennett, as one of two Commissioners appointed by the English Parliament to reduce to their allegiance the provinces bordering on the Chesapeake. Their commission could hardly have been intended to disturb the rights of a proprietary who had given in his adhesion to the party which granted it, but a vindictive and unscrupulous man like Clayborne was not likely to forego the opportunity which fortune had put within his reach, of punishing his enemy for the defeats inflicted on him in 1634 and in 1646.

Interpreting their commission as including Maryland, they entered the province, and having the forces of Parliament at their back, deprived Lord Baltimore's lieutenant, Governor Stone, of his commission, and changed the officers of the province, leaving him, however, in the end, in retention of the executive power along with a Council of three, till instructions should arrive from England. During this distracting state of matters occurred the fall of the Long Parliament, and as it was under its warrant that

Clayborne and Bennett had imposed their will upon his lieutenant, it appeared to Lord Baltimore reasonable that their authority should fall along with it. He was besides displeased at the want of firmness which he supposed his lieutenant to have shown, in yielding to Clayborne and Bennett's terms, and deemed the opportunity a favourable one for regaining his lost authority. In 1654, Lord Baltimore's friends in the province succeeded in reinstating his rights in their integrity, displaced the Commissioners appointed by Clayborne and Bennett, and declared the condition of the province under the arrangements made by the latter, to have been a state of rebellion. But Clayborne and his associate were too powerful to be foiled in this manner. They hastened back to Maryland, deprived Governor Stone of his commission, and entrusted the administration of the province to a board of ten Commissioners appointed by themselves. Thus by Lord Baltimore's rash attempt to regain his authority, was the last state of the colony rendered worse than the first.

After this event, it was not long till proof was furnished that, however zealous Puritans might be in fighting for religious liberty for themselves, they had not the slightest idea of granting that liberty to others. A new Assembly, composed exclusively of Protestants, was soon convened, and their sentiments towards the Catholic settlers were embodied in an "Act concerning Religion," which recites as follows:

It is hereby enacted and declared, that none who profess and exercise the Popish, (commonly called the

Roman Catholic) religion can be protected in this province, but to be restrained from the exercise thereof.[1]

Indignant at these proceedings, and relying on the support of the Catholic and other loyal settlers, Lord Baltimore commissioned Stone and his lieutenant, Josias Fendall, to reassert his rights by force of arms. They were not long in regaining possession of the capital of the province, in which lay the chief strength of the Catholics. After vainly summoning the leaders of the Puritan party to submit, they marched against the town of Providence, the enemy's head-quarters. There, however, their enterprise came to a disastrous end. Faced by the Puritans of Providence in front, and having on their flank an enemy's ship, they were completely defeated. Stone himself, and many distinguished councillors, officers, and soldiers, were taken prisoners. Stone had a narrow escape from immediate execution, and owed his life to a remembrance of the kindness he had shown in former years to some of the Puritan party, who on that account could not bring themselves to imbrue their hands in the blood of their benefactor. Others of the prisoners, however, were not so fortunate, and in alleged violation of a promise guaranteeing their lives, four of the prisoners, three of whom were Catholics, were, several days after the battle, put to death in cold blood. As a further consequence of this victory, the residences of the Jesuit Fathers at their two settlements in the country, were sacked and plundered; the Fathers themselves narrowly escaped with their lives, and made their way at great peril into Virginia,

[1] Bacon, c. iv.

where they suffered much from want of the necessaries of life, and privation of means of support. Stone was sent to prison, and remained in confinement till the death of Cromwell brought some relief to the suffering Catholics.

But though Cromwell sustained the Commissioners in their authority, and did not disapprove of their nefarious actions, the exigencies of his position rendered it unadvisable for him to abrogate Lord Baltimore's rights, or to cancel his Charter, and under the Lord Protector's powerful authority he was to a certain extent reinstated, and a kind of dual authority, in which he shared, was established in the province. It might be an interesting subject of inquiry to discover what were Cromwell's motives in thus partially favouring Lord Baltimore's claims. A solution may lie in the desire which he showed during the latter part of his life, to gain, or at least to divide, the favour of the aristocracy, but a simpler explanation may be found in the enormous mass of weighty business with which he had to deal, concerning European matters, compared with which those of the infant settlements of America were mere trifles.

On the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, a season of peace and prosperity dawned again upon Maryland. The authority of Lord Baltimore was easily and quickly re-established under the presidency of Philip Calvert, his brother, whom he appointed Governor in 1661. "Freedom of conscience," the principle of the colony, again prevailed, and once more, as in former times, Protestants were the gainers. Strangers, persecuted at home on account of their

religious beliefs, came to Maryland, not only from England, but from many other European lands, and all, on their settling in the colony, were admitted to full equality and free citizenship of the province. From time to time commotions arose, and the rights of the proprietary were challenged. Such attempts were on the whole easily overcome, and Lord Baltimore's merciful disposition, ever inclined to forgiveness, exacted but little in the way of punishment for past transgressions. "The happiness of Maryland was," says Bancroft, "enviable."

As compared with the immediately preceding period, the last fifteen years of Cecil Lord Baltimore's administration were peaceful and prosperous, and he died in 1675, after having striven consistently for forty-three years, to advance, in every possible way, the welfare of the colony which he had founded. The purity of his aims, and the uprightness of his character, have drawn from the historian of the United States the following noble tribute to his character:

> To foster industry, to promote union, to cherish religious peace, these were the honest purposes of Lord Baltimore during his long supremacy.[1]

And again:

> Thus was the declining life of Cecilius Lord Baltimore, the father of Maryland, the tolerant legislator, the benevolent prince, blessed with the success which philanthropy deserves. The colony which he had planted in youth crowned his old age with its gratitude. Who among his peers could vie with him in honours? A firm supporter of prerogative, a friend to the Stuarts, he was touched with the sentiment of humanity—an earnest disciple of the Roman Church, of which he venerated the expositions of

[1] Bancroft, c. xiv. 523.

truth as infallible, he, first among legislators, established an equality among sects. The commercial metropolis of Maryland commemorates his name, the memory of his wise philanthropy survives in American history. He died after a supremacy of more than forty years, leaving a reputation for temperate wisdom which the dissensions in his colony and the various revolutions of England could not tarnish.[1]

About fourteen years before his death, Lord Baltimore had entrusted the administration of the colony to Charles, his eldest son. On succeeding to the title, the third Lord Baltimore strove to follow the example set him by his father and grandfather, and did so under some of the same discouragements against which both had had to struggle. The Established Church of England was now strong at home, and victorious over Dissent, but its clergy, however much they might delight in persecuting Puritans, joined with them in cordial dislike to Catholics, and viewed with jealousy the existence of a State in which these were free to worship God after the manner of their forefathers. The minds of the English people were goaded to fury by lying tales of Popish plots, artfully fomented by unprincipled men, and the time was found well suited for denouncing the "pest-house of iniquity" on the other side of the Atlantic, in which Catholics were not only permitted to worship God in their own way, but to hold sway over Protestants. The English clergy demanded the establishment of their Church in the province, at the cost of the settlers, Catholics and Puritans alike. The attempt was for the time warded off by the firmness of the new Lord Baltimore. "The Roman Catholic," says Bancroft, "was inflexible

[1] Bancroft, c. xiv. 525, 526.

in his regard for freedom of worship."[1] But the influences brought to bear on the English Ministry were, in the end, too strong to be overcome, and, in 1681, an order was issued that none but Protestants should hold office under Government. With the advent of the Catholic King James, it might have been thought that the religious liberties of the colony would have been restored, and no doubt the new King was far from entertaining the desire that these should be withheld, but unhappily James was no friend to civil liberties, and he judged it expedient that Maryland should be reduced to the same state of subjection to the Crown, to which he had destined the other colonies. It was in vain that Lord Baltimore remonstrated, and pleaded for exemption from the fate to which his province was doomed. A writ for reduction of his patent had already been ordered, when the Great Revolution of 1688 broke out, and James was driven from the throne.

Though the experiment of civil and religious liberty may be said to have terminated with the exclusion of Catholics from office under Government, some years before the outbreak of the Revolution, that great event completed and perpetuated its overthrow. One crushing blow after another fell upon the Catholic adherents of Lord Baltimore, and statute after statute was passed, conferring privileges upon the English Church and enacting disabilities against the "Papists." A State religion was established in Maryland, but the religion was that of the Church of England. The English Acts of Toleration were put in force, but toleration was only for Protestant

[1] Bancroft, c. xiv. 528.

Dissent, and the seventeenth century closed in gloom for the Catholics of Maryland, whose fathers, a generation before, had established an asylum for freedom on its fruitful shores. Their churches were closed, their schools dispersed, their priests hunted like outlaws from hiding-place to hiding-place throughout the settlement. Nothing can exhibit the mournful condition into which the colony fell, better than the words of Bancroft, whose statements have been so frequently referred to in these pages; these also show, in the reference made to the relapse of the Calvert family into Protestantism, that penal laws are sometimes even more disastrous to the wealthy and high born than they are to the poor and lowly.

The Roman Catholics were left alone without an ally, exposed to English bigotry and colonial injustice. They alone were disfranchised on the soil, which, long before Locke pleaded for toleration or Penn for religious freedom, they had chosen, *not as their own asylum only*, but, with Catholic liberality, *as the asylum of every persecuted sect.* In the land which Catholics had opened to Protestants, the Catholic inhabitant was the sole victim to Anglican intolerance. Mass might not be said publicly. No Catholic Bishop or priest might utter his faith in a voice of persuasion. No Catholic might teach the young. If the wayward child of a Papist would but become an apostate, the law wrested for him from his parents a share of their property. The disfranchisement of the proprietary related to his creed, not to his family. Such were the methods adopted to "prevent the growth of Popery." Who shall say that the faith of the cultivated individual is firmer than the faith of the common people? Who shall say that the many are fickle, that the chief is firm? To recover the inheritance of authority, Benedict, the son of the proprietary, renounced the Catholic Church for that of England; the persecution never crushed the faith of the humble colonists.[1]

[1] Bancroft, c. xix. 719.

In commending to Catholic readers the subject of civil and religious liberty, as introduced and practised in Maryland by devoted adherents of the Catholic Church, before anything but barren theory had been broached on the side of its opponents, we must not be understood as entering into the subject of religious toleration itself, or condemning any legitimate and temperate effort made by Catholic rulers to maintain the unity of faith, which had been the unbroken tradition of their States for centuries before the Reformation. That is a subject which must be treated by itself, as the conditions which existed in Europe in the sixteenth century are entirely different from those which prevailed in Maryland in the seventeenth century, and in most European States at the present day. It is sufficient for our present purpose to have shown the incorrectness of the idea so prevalent in this country, and so assiduously propagated, that Protestants led the way in establishing civil and religious liberty, and in conferring upon the citizens of a free community the right to the free exercise of their religion.

WILFULNESS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

In the summer of the year 1850, two ladies, wearing the dress of Sisters of Mercy, might have been seen silently threading their way along the crowded pavement of Holborn. Their appearance created little or no surprise, for English people had already become accustomed to the sight, and had learned to respect a costume worn only by those who were engaged in missions of charity and love. The Sisters descended the then steep street or hill of Holborn, passed by the gateway of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, crossed a portion of Smithfield, and having escaped the dangers (then almost inevitable) from butchers and bulls, entered a narrow lane. Here, by one of those sudden transitions so well known in the City, they found themselves in a locality where silence and peace succeeded to the uproar and struggle through which they had so lately passed, and where even the noise of the traffic of the surrounding streets seemed hushed and still. Such is Charterhouse-square, and such also was this silent and apparently deserted space in the midst of the teeming, crowded metropolis. The shops, mostly occupied by brokers, with their open fronts and white awnings, bore an old-fashioned look of comfort and respectability, in striking contrast with the squalid habitations of the neighbouring streets, out of which an

endless succession of dirty half-naked children had been continually pouring. Who does not know the depressing, almost despairing feeling which comes over one in passing through these courts and back streets in London, when one reflects as to what is to become of this vast population, this mass of misery and degradation and dirt and vice,—a feeling heightened at the street corners by the glare of the gin-shops, and the wretched objects hanging half-drunk about their doors?

But all this misery had been left behind for the moment by our Sisters, who, after carefully referring to a paper containing a variety of different addresses, at last found the one they sought, and entered a house, in the front shop of which a stout elderly woman was standing, complacently surveying her stock of highly polished furniture and brilliantly coloured tea-trays. Her face wore a marked expression of kindness and benevolence. If things had gone well with her in this life, she evidently wished to share her good fortune with others, and she greeted the Sister's inquiry with a pleasant smile.

"All right, ma'am, you've found the right house. It's Mrs. Howell as you want? Quite right. Ah, poor thing, she's very bad—very bad indeed. She's had her trials, poor soul! and hard ones too—harder than most of us. I am very glad you've come to see her, it'll cheer her up. Upstairs, first-floor front room, ladies. Excuse my not showing you the way, but I can't leave the shop. Please to pass through the back; for her bed blocks up the door."

Whilst she was still talking, the Sisters had thanked

her and passed on up the steep stairs into a little back room, through which, according to her directions, they prepared to enter the apartment containing the object of their visit. A good deal of antiquated furniture, no longer in use, but betokening better days, was piled up in one corner, so as to occupy the least possible space. A hasty glance into the front room confirmed the conviction that the person they were about to see was not of the poorest class. The mantelpiece was adorned with divers specimens of framed worsted-work, evidently the admired achievements of the poor sufferer when at a "boarding-school for young ladies." A few good old religious prints, some valuable though broken china, a small holy-water stoup and a crucifix completed the adornment of the walls. All bespoke that saddest of all conditions—genteel poverty, or what is more often called "decayed gentility," which the French designate by a far more touching and delicate expression, "*les pauvres honteux*." Is there any capital in Europe where so much suffering of this sort exists as in London?

On a curtainless but scrupulously clean bed a young woman lay stretched, breathing painfully. The hectic and lustrous eyes told too plainly that consumption had nearly reached the term of its deadly work. She was twenty-three years of age; but the treacherous disease had recalled the bloom of her girlhood, and one would have pronounced her under sixteen, had not the plain gold ring on her thin and wasted third finger proclaimed her to be a wife, though, may be, a deserted one.

An exclamation of pleasure and an ejaculation of thankfulness uttered in a suppressed tone greeted the

entrance of the Sisters, who, sitting down gently by the bed, and retaining the hand eagerly stretched out to them, began a conversation simply intended to give the patient time to recover from the agitation occasioned by their visit.

"Are you quite alone?" was the first question.

"Yes," replied the poor girl. "I have few visitors; and my mother goes out to work every day at nine o'clock. But our landlady is very kind. She comes up very often in the day to ask if I want anything. But my wants are few," she added after a pause.

"Is your father still alive?"

Her voice trembled as she replied with evident effort:—

"Yes; but at present he has no employment. Still, I hope and trust——"

She stopped suddenly, for the Sister had glanced almost unconsciously at her wedding-ring. Their eyes met and a crimson blush mounted to her forehead. A look of agony passed across her face for a moment, followed by a deadly pallor. That look revealed the cause of all her sorrows, and told in one glance how her marriage was connected with that life's tragedy which was hurrying her to an untimely grave. By degrees the whole of her sad story became revealed to the Sisters, partly by herself, partly by those around her; and this melancholy tale I am about to unfold to my readers.

Her own father died when she was about three years old, so that she had no recollection of him; but before she had attained the age of seven, her mother married a second time. No children were the result of this second

union; so that Mary remained in the same position in which she had been before—the one cherished object in the home. Her step-father could not have treated her with greater tenderness and affection if she had been his own child; so that the little Mary grew up in an atmosphere of love and happiness, in which her gentle and affectionate nature throve and prospered. She was naturally religious, and the good example and precepts of her parents strengthened her childish piety. Although, as I have said, in the position of an only child, she was not spoiled: for her mother was a Catholic of the good old school, and enforced obedience as a duty about which there could be no question.

After a time she went as a day scholar to a boarding-school in the neighbourhood, where she received what was then considered a good and sensible education for her rank in life. But her Catechism was learned at home. It was at her mother's knee that her first prayers were said; and although, as she grew older, she was naturally prepared for the Sacraments by the good parish-priest, yet all the preliminary teaching was given her by her step-father, who would spend evening after evening when his work was done in explaining to her the mysteries of our holy faith, while she learnt its practice by his own simple and hearty devotion, and by the tender piety of her mother. Would that other parents could thus be induced to take upon themselves this most important duty, instead of leaving it to the chance of an imperfect school-teaching, or the necessarily limited time of an over-worked priest!

Ever since the age of fifteen, Mary's step-father had

been employed in a large soda-water manufactory, where by his diligence, honesty, and sobriety, he had attained the post of foreman and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of his employers. Although in receipt of a good salary he and his wife lived frugally, not only for the sake of laying by a provision for sickness and old age, but also to be enabled to assist the many cases of distress which came before them, and to take their share in all parochial charities. The numerous workmen employed in the factory were the special objects of the foreman's care and kindness. He would counsel the young, relieve the sick, and watch over them with almost parental care; so that he was regarded by them all with as much affection as respect, and both husband and wife were looked up to as models of every Christian virtue.

But God, who had special designs on these chosen souls, determined to prove them, as He does all His servants, by making them taste of His bitter cross; and this suffering was to be laid upon them by that which they loved and cherished the most in this world—their little Mary. Their union with Our Lord was to be still closer; they were to share in His humiliation, in His poverty, in His contempt; so that these very crosses might become their surest passport to a glorious immortality.

Mary was now nearly eighteen. Her beauty had increased with her years; yet had she no taste for any scenes of worldly vanity or pleasure. Perhaps her home was too happy to make her seek for enjoyments elsewhere. She had always been treated as the friend and companion of her father and mother, and this intimacy

with grown-up people made her rather shy and awkward with girls of her own age. Thus she was freed from many of the temptations to which young people are exposed from the foolish talking and unnecessary confidence in which they so often delight, and knew as little of the evil going on in the world around her as when she was a child at her mother's knee. Her great delight was to read out loud to her parents in the winter evenings, and sometimes to build castles in the air as to what they should do when her father grew older and resigned his appointment. How they would take a little cottage in the country—that one object of a Londoner's ambition—a cottage covered with honeysuckle and roses and jasmine; and how they would have a cow and real fresh milk, and all the rural delights which Mary had read of in books, and longed to give her parents in their old age. Little did she then fancy that her own pride and obstinacy would blast all these fair prospects, and bring them to the very verge of misery and ruin.

Mary was nearly nineteen when one evening, at a friend's house, she met a young man of about thirty, who had lately come to live in that neighbourhood. He was at once greatly struck with Mary; and she on her side felt an interest in this stranger for which she was at a loss to account. He had travelled a good deal, was a very fair musician, and altogether appeared in many ways above those with whom she was used to associate. By degrees this stranger, whose name was Howell, became intimate with the foreman's family, and on the plea of being a stranger in London and knowing no one, used to drop in two or three times a week to tea, or walk

home with them when they returned from church. He did not appear to pay any particular attention to Mary herself; and yet not a word or a movement on Mary's part escaped him. In proportion, however, as the intimacy increased, a kind of dislike and distrust of him crept into the foreman's heart. He could not account for the feeling, and tried to argue himself out of it; but in vain. Howell felt his increasing coldness; but did not in consequence discontinue his visits; only he used to time them so as, if possible, to avoid meeting Mary's father. In the meantime, his honeyed words sank deep into the girl's heart; little things were said which she felt were meant only for her ear; and the consciousness that she was the object of his passion filled her with unspeakable happiness.

There is no doubt that, for the time, Howell loved this pure child, and was all the more attracted to her by her innocence and beauty. But with Mary the love was far deeper, and at last took such possession of her heart, that all other things became indifferent to her. Then Howell spoke out, and made a formal proposal to her step-father for her hand. The latter, utterly unprepared for this realization of his vague fears, flatly refused his consent, forbid him the house, and endeavoured to break off all connection between them. But it was too late. In vain both father and mother represented to Mary their entire ignorance of the young man's family and antecedents; in vain they set before her his poverty and want of means to keep a wife. Mary, with headstrong perversity, would listen to no arguments. Her whole character seemed changed, and her health became so seriously affected that her parents were in despair.

"He is a *dark* man; I do not understand him," exclaimed her step-father one day in his anguish, after repeating to his wife one or two things which he had heard, and which were not to the credit of Mary's lover. "Can you do nothing to persuade her to delay, at any rate for a year or two, this imprudent step?"

The poor mother shook her head.

"I have said all I could," she replied sadly; "but it is of no use. She will believe that you are prejudiced against him, and that she knows best. Would to God that he had never darkened our doors!"

As they were speaking, Father Penrose, their good old parish-priest, called to see them, and to him the worthy couple poured out their grief and anxiety. He listened gravely, and undertook to reason with Mary, who had gone that evening to see an aunt a few doors off, who was in failing health, and often sent for Mary to cheer and comfort her. Father Penrose knew the hour when she would return, and purposely meeting her, entered at once upon the subject, and endeavoured by every means in his power to shake her resolution. But Mary, though she loved and respected the old priest, who had known her from a child, was, on this point, inexorable. Father Penrose, having tried all that kindness and persuasion could do, at last addressed her sternly as follows:—

"Mary, no blessing can come upon a marriage which has neither the approval of your step-father nor your mother. You may force them to bend to your will; but take my word for it that you will repent of it. You, with your childish inexperience, think to know better than

those whom God has set in authority over you. Beware lest you add disobedience to obstinacy and pride!"

With these severe words he left her; and Mary, crying bitterly, was on the point of repenting of the step on which she was so madly bent, when a well-known voice whispered her name, and he for whom she was prepared to forsake her home and her parents' love—nay more, her own self-respect and peace of mind—suddenly appeared before her.

"What have they been saying to you to make you cry like this?" he exclaimed fiercely; for Mary, startled out of all self-control, was now sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Leave me! Oh, do leave me, Frank!" exclaimed the half-penitent girl, as she endeavoured to withdraw the hand he had clasped in his.

"Not till you promise to be true to me, and to no one else," retorted Howell.

Why linger on these moments? Enough that Mary returned to her home with a hard fixed look on her face, such as her mother had never before seen there; and that when she had soon after gone to her own room, the poor broken-hearted woman turned to her husband, with the words: "Oh, John, it is of no use; our opposition will only make her sin the more. She *will* have her own way!"

And the foreman, bowing his head on his hands, after a moment's silence, replied: "Wife, perhaps we have thought too much of our Mary—we have made an idol of her, and God punishes us in this way. May His holy will be done!"

The following weeks were spent in sad preparations on the part of Mary's mother, and in a state of restless feverish excitement by Mary herself, who, though she had extorted a reluctant consent from her parents to her marriage, mainly through her tears and importunity, yet felt that, as the old priest had said, such wilfulness on her part could bring no blessing with it. At last the wedding-day came, and the solemn service was performed —not by Father Penrose, however, who was not sorry to be from home at the moment. But as Mary was clasped for the last time in her mother's arms before leaving her old home, a heavy weight fell upon her heart, and a foreboding of misery came over her, which even her husband's caresses failed to charm away.

"What if *I* have been wrong all along, and they were right?" conscience whispered in her heart, followed by the prayer, this time uttered from the very depths of her soul: "O my God, forgive me, and grant me grace to fulfil my duties as a wife, for better or for worse." And this prayer was heard, though her punishment was swifter and heavier than she had ever dreamed of.

For the first few weeks, the excessive kindness and attention of her husband lulled her apprehensions, and Mary was able to write happily and even joyously to her parents. Then they settled in a little house on the other side of London; and at first the pleasure of furnishing her new home, and the anxiety she felt to make it bright and pleasant for her husband, absorbed all her thoughts. But soon this content vanished, and gave place to an ever-increasing anxiety and fear. She began to feel the force of her father's oft-repeated words: "He

is a *dark* man; I do not understand him." At first Howell had come home early to spend his evenings with her, and had gone with her to church on Sundays and festivals. But by degrees he gave up these good habits, and she saw less and less of him. When he did come home, he was moody and taciturn, or else peevish and irritable. He had many acquaintances—respectable in dress, but reckless and dissipated in manner and appearance—who were for ever besetting the door on Sundays. Mary shrank from them with undefined fear and aversion; and her husband never introduced any of them to her, so that she did not even know their names. But he used to join them, and go out with them for hours, never inviting her to be of the party; and from his complete silence afterwards and his evasive answers to all her inquiries, she felt there was something wrong about it all, though *what* she could not imagine. Sometimes he was out half the night, and once or twice returned almost intoxicated. Then he would speak incoherently of coming wealth, or in his troubled sleep, clench his hands, and mutter, "Cursed bad luck!" Terrified almost out of her wits, poor Mary would sit up in bed, watching the convulsive workings of his countenance, where exultation, triumph, fury and despair by turns struggled for the mastery. She did not dare wake him, for on one or two occasions he had silenced her anxious inquiries with an oath. So she watched on, her misery and self-reproach increasing every hour. Was this the man she had loved? Had he in any one way realised her girlish ideal? She did not then guess the secret of his conduct, or imagine for a

moment that she had been deluded into a marriage with a professed gambler, and one who was involved likewise in a variety of transactions, none of which could bear the light. Yet so it was; and although she was as yet far from suspecting the truth, she was utterly and entirely miserable.

During these three months, Mary saw little or nothing of her parents, and carefully avoided doing so *alone*. With a bitter sense of self-reproach, she could not conceal from herself that this apparent privation was a positive relief to her; for she felt she could not have concealed or explained away her misgivings, and that the quick eye of a mother would instantly have detected that she was not happy. So she went on from day to day, fearing she knew not what; while the man for whom she had sacrificed her parents' happiness and her own became more and more estranged from her, and her ideal vanished so completely, that sometimes she could hardly believe it was only three months ago that she had bound herself for ever to love, reverence, and obey him. Fortunate was it for her that her parents and Father Penrose had laid a good religious foundation in her heart; for now, in her disappointment and desolation, she knew where to turn and what to do. She could acknowledge that she was justly punished for her wilfulness; and turning to God with true contrition and humility, beseech Him for strength to bear the heavy cross she had thus laid upon herself. The church was, in fact, her one great consolation;—she was left for so many hours alone and uncared for!—so there, when the simple duties of her home had been attended to, she

would daily resort, and pour out in prayer those unsatisfied longings and that bitter sorrow which as yet she could not bring herself to speak of to any human being. And so, from the very depth of her penitence, she was acquiring that spiritual strength which she would soon so greatly need for heavier trials.

About this time, her husband stated that he had lost his employment. A situation falling vacant in the soda-water manufactory, Mary's father was induced to recommend him, and easily obtained the appointment from the head of the firm, who trusted implicitly in his foreman's judgment on all such matters. Mary was delighted; partly on account of being so much nearer her old home, and also because she hoped that the change of locality might induce Howell to break off his intimacy with the associates whose influence filled her with such unspeakable dread. In this expectation, however, she was doomed to disappointment, for these evil companions pursued him to their new lodgings. Day by day this conduct became more and more mysterious. He avoided all conversation with his wife when alone, and, in fact, kept as much as possible aloof both from her and from her family. By degrees he perceived her anxiety, which seemed to infuriate him. He gave way to the most fearful bursts of temper, and if she ventured to *look* the inquiry she dared not speak, he repelled her almost savagely. It was impossible to conceal this state of things altogether from her parents; but they, with delicate tact, always avoided anything which might increase her feelings of self-reproach and sorrow. So matters went on for some months, the

estrangement between the husband and wife increasing every day, till all hope of happiness died out of Mary's heart, and was replaced by an ever-growing fear of what might some day happen. But the reality far exceeded her utmost apprehensions.

One night Howell came in rather earlier than usual, but he took no notice whatever of Mary, and only appeared more sullen and morose than usual. She offered him a chair near the fire, which he took silently, and sat down without speaking, gloomily gazing into the flames. The silence became oppressive; the clock seemed to tick louder than ever; and when a burning brand fell on the hearth, Mary started so nervously that she actually dropped her work. Anxiety and sorrow were slowly changing that once bright child, and undermining both her health and spirits. All of a sudden there was a sharp knock at the front door, and before Mary could rise, the door opened, and a detective in plain clothes appeared on the threshold. Howell started up, cast one look of terror mingled with defiance on the intruder, and then sank back in his chair, burying his face in his hands, and sobbing like a child. Mary was by his side in a moment, all coldness and unkindness forgotten; she remembered only his old love.

"Speak, Frank, speak!" she exclaimed, in an agony of fear. "Say that it is all a mistake! He is innocent, sir, he *must* be innocent!" she added in a voice of anguish, turning to the police-officer.

The official shook his head, but looked at her with kindly sympathy, while in a few words he explained what had occurred. Howell had been gambling, as

usual, and had lost heavily. In despair, he had rushed to the factory, and stolen money to a large amount. How he had been able to get it was yet a mystery; but he had been detected in the very act of leaving the strong-room. The alarm had been given; the missing gold was instantly discovered, and a warrant issued at once for his apprehension.

To all this poor Mary listened as in a dream. Much as she had dreaded the influence of his evil companions, no thought of guilt or dishonour of this sort had ever crossed her mind. She bent over him in speechless anguish, unable to realize the extent of their misery; while he, in an agony of remorse, uttered a few broken sentences of love and contrition for the way in which he had wrecked her life. The detective, wishing to shorten the scene as much as possible, desired Howell to prepare to accompany him, cautioning Mary to take care what she said, as it might be bad "for more parties than one."

It was all over in a few minutes; no sound or cry of resistance had attracted the attention of the other lodgers. Silently Howell followed the policeman; the door closed. Mary listened to the receding footsteps, and then sank down, alone in her misery and shame.

How long she remained in this kind of stupor she could not recollect. "O God, my God, support me in this hour!" was her first conscious thought. Then, by degrees, the whole terrible truth came back upon her, and with it the need of some vigorous effort on her part to strive to help her husband in his dire distress. Her first impulse was to seek counsel and consolation from her parents, and so she put on her bonnet and shawl,

and passing hastily through the glaring and crowded streets, reached their house breathless and almost stupefied by the suddenness of the blow. She knocked at the door. "Is my mother at home?" She was startled at the sound of her own voice; but without waiting for a reply, she rushed past the servant and into the parlour, but stood paralyzed at the scene which there met her view. Her mother lay like a corpse in the arms of a woman, who was vainly endeavouring to restore her to consciousness. In answer to Mary's agonizing inquiries as to what had caused her fainting-fit, the broken-hearted old servant, who had followed her into the room, broke to her, as gently as she could, that her father had just been apprehended as the accomplice of his son-in-law in the robbery which had been committed, and was accused of having supplied him with duplicate keys of the safe in which the valuable property of the firm was kept, which had been all along entrusted to his care. I may mention in passing that the truth (which was afterwards proved on the trial, and confessed by the culprit himself) was, that one day the foreman being taken suddenly very ill, Howell had offered to lock up the office doors, and had taken advantage of the opportunity to obtain patterns of all the keys on the ring, so that for full three months he had had access to all the money in the establishment.

But to return to poor Mary. There are some kinds of sorrow too deep for tears, too overwhelming for words; and such was that meeting between the mother and daughter. When the former at last recovered her consciousness, her first impulse was to clasp poor Mary to

her heart, and then, tightly holding her hand, remain motionless. That dreadful night was passed in silent anguish by both; the mother, guiltless of aught but the one weakness of having yielded to her daughter's entreaties, and consented to her luckless marriage; the daughter realizing for the first time in all its bitterness the evil which her wilfulness had brought, not only on herself, but on all belonging to her. Yet not a word of reproach passed that poor mother's lips, and her very forbearance added poignancy to Mary's sorrow.

By dawn the next day both mother and daughter hurried to the police-court, but were not allowed to see the prisoners till the magistrates arrived, when they were summoned to the bar. The accusation was read; the evidence against them seemed overwhelming, and both were committed to Newgate to await their trial. On hearing this the poor mother fainted away, and had to be removed out of the court. A police-inspector who had watched them both during the proceedings, and was evidently a kind and benevolent man, laid his hand on Mary's arm as she was about to follow her mother.

"Are you related to these men?" he asked, in a compassionate and gentle voice.

"I am the daughter of the elder and the wife of the younger one," murmured the poor broken-hearted girl.

"Have you any brother or uncle?" continued the inspector.

"Neither," replied Mary. "Whatever is to be done for them must be done by myself. Although appearances are so much against him, I know my father to be incapable of taking a penny from any human being. But

how am I to prove it? Oh, sir, what *can* I do to save him?" she added, in a voice of agony.

"Has your father any money?" he replied.

"Yes."

"That's well," answered the inspector.

And in a few concise words he put her in possession of the routine of our English criminal courts, gave her the name and address of a leading barrister and lawyer, and told her at what hours and where she was likely to find them.

"Keep up your heart, Mrs. Howell," continued the inspector kindly. "I know your father by reputation and believe there are lots of men who will stand up for him, and not let him suffer for the sins of others. A good character of so many years' standing is not likely to be upset in a day; and you'll see he'll come well out of this, and stand higher than ever."

Mary thanked him, with tears in her eyes, and proceeded at once to follow out his instructions. A new sense of strength and power seemed to have come over her; and during the time which elapsed between the arrest and the trial, she was perpetually on foot, journeying backwards and forwards between Newgate and the inns of court; now in the prison, gathering the most minute details from the captives; now in the ante-room of the lawyer's chambers, amidst a group of equally anxious clients; again, hurrying here and there on messages of business, seeing all her father's old friends and employers, and obtaining warm promises of help from each. On all sides she met with great and unexpected kindness, for every one was interested in the loving anxious daughter, whose one great aim was to save her

father's honour; for of her husband's guilt she soon could have no doubt.

Far different was the conduct of these two men while undergoing the same imprisonment. Conscious of his own rectitude of mind and purpose, the foreman, though deeply grieved for the shadow that had fallen on his good name, and above all for the sorrow and shame of his poor wife, was yet sustained by a firm trust in the mercy of God, and a conviction that in due time his innocence would be made clear. The first time that Mary saw him she could only kneel at his feet, and implore his pardon in a few broken words.

"My poor child!" he exclaimed, "you are a far greater sufferer than any of us. Do not let bitter thoughts of the past weigh you down, and remember that everything is ordered for us by One who knows what is for our good. Perhaps I was too proud of my name," he added, with an attempt at a smile, which failed, however, to comfort his penitent child.

As to Howell, his state of mind alternated between sullen despair and maudlin cowardice. No sorrow for his sin was expressed or felt, only fury at being found out, which he vented in bitter words and curses on his hard fate—more painful to Mary to hear than even his abject entreaties to her to save him if she could.

"Can this be the man I used to love?" she often asked herself, after listening to his selfish wailings, and contrasting them with her father's manly calm and courage. But she kept her feelings in check, so that nothing might impair her usefulness or unnerve her for the coming trial.

So the weeks passed on only too quickly. Before the

day came, the kind and friendly lawyer who had undertaken the case told Mary plainly, that while he would leave no stone unturned to clear her father, nothing could be done for her husband. "His guilt is too evident," he continued; "and the only thing you can do is to try and persuade him to act generously, and confess how he became possessed of the duplicate keys. I believe, if he will do this, and throw himself on the mercy of the court, his sentence may be lighter. But you must make him clearly understand that there is no hope whatever of his escaping a richly deserved punishment."

Mary undertook the painful errand; and after a terrible scene, at last persuaded Howell to confess the whole truth—from no feelings of generosity, however, but from the hope, strongly dwelt upon by his unhappy wife, that the confession might mitigate his sentence.

And then the awful day came. Leaning heavily on Mary's arm, the poor mother entered the court, a wreck of her former self, and yet buoyed up a little with the hope, continually whispered to her by sympathizing friends, that now the whole truth would be revealed, and the honest foreman cleared. And so it turned out. He of course pleaded not guilty, and one person after another came forward to bear witness to his unimpeachable honesty, his high character, and the universal respect and confidence of his employers. But all doubts on the subject were removed when the second prisoner, Howell, was brought forward, and confessed the way in which he had obtained the false keys which gave him access to the safe. A cheer, which could scarcely be suppressed, was heard in the lower part of the court, which was

crowded with the workmen of the soda-water manufactory, all anxious to testify their affection and respect for their old master. One or two of the managers of the firm instantly came forward, and offered to take the foreman back into their service, expressing publicly their regret at having been led for one moment into a belief in any act of treachery on his part.

The judge complimented him on his honourable and upright career, so that his acquittal was a species of triumph almost as trying to bear as his previous unmerited disgrace. As to Howell, his confession, as the lawyer expected, softened the jury towards him, and although he was of course found guilty, his sentence was commuted to fourteen years' transportation.

And Mary? Up to this time, her wonderful energy and spirit had borne her up through all. Though she could neither eat nor drink, and her head was burning, she had kept outwardly calm and collected, gave her evidence clearly and well, and had all along a cheering word for her mother. But when the judge, in a stern and severe voice, turned to her husband and reprimanded him for his disgraceful breach of trust, and the way in which he had allowed an innocent man to be supposed to be an accomplice in his crime, human nature gave way, and Mary was carried home in a state of insensibility. An attack of brain-fever followed. For weeks she hovered between life and death, and the doctors gave little or no hope of her recovery. Her father and mother, who knew her so well, scarcely wished for this state of insensibility to pass away, for she had not heard her husband's sentence, and they dreaded what the effect

would be on her proud and sensitive nature of feeling herself a felon's wife.

At last reason returned, but with it an overpowering sense of misery and shame. Her husband was gone—that she knew—to work out his sentence; but her father—why was he always at home, and why did he look so careworn and ill? Bit by bit the truth came out. He had not had the courage to face his old employers, and still less the men under him; besides, in spite of the offer made to him in the court, he knew that his place was filled up, and he did not like to injure his successor. So he had no work, and all his life's savings had gone in that terrible trial. Debt and misery stared them in the face; and Mary felt as if she were the cause of it all. Where were all the old visions of a pretty little country home, and every kind of simple luxury in their old age? By her own wilfulness all this had been marred and blighted.

As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, they were compelled to leave their comfortable home, and go into smaller and humbler lodgings; but in some respects the change was a relief. The locality was quiet and retired and, comparatively speaking, cheap, and it was far removed from all old associations and friends, from whom she naturally shrank, in her present sad position of a "convict's wife." But sorrow and humiliation had done their work in that soul, and Mary accepted her daily mortifications as a just punishment for her past sin. By degrees new friends began to gather round them, touched at the picture presented by that respectable-looking old man, whose story had become known, with his sad and patient-faced wife and fading daughter;

for she had never recovered the terrible strain of the few months which preceded the trial, and her health was gradually failing.

About this time, the police-inspector, who had so kindly befriended Mary at the time of her father's arrest, heard of a place for the foreman in a soda-water manufactory in the north of England with which his brother was connected, and obtained a promise of the next vacancy for him, so that hope once more brightened the little home. Mary, whose only anxiety in the meanwhile was to do something for the support of her parents, obtained from their good-natured landlady some employment in French-polishing. This kind of work is well paid, and answers far better than needlework; but it gradually undermines the health. Mary obtained at last a permanent engagement in a large establishment at the West-end, and for two years supported her parents entirely. This feeling alone seemed to give her any consolation; for the thought of her husband, expiating his sin in a strange land, rarely left her. Much as he had done to wean her affections and lose her respect, she had not ceased to care for him; and sometimes a hope would arise that he would return an altered man, or that she might go out and join him in Australia, and begin a new life in a new country. But increasing weakness and suffering, which Mary for a long while effectually concealed from her parents, convinced her after a time that such hopes were vain, and that they would never meet again on this earth.

So matters went on till the winter, when one evening, on returning from her work, a violent fit of coughing seized her, in which she broke a blood-vessel, and was

so ill that, at first, it was thought she could not recover. She rallied, however, for a time, and resumed her work; but her cough was incessant, and she felt herself convinced that the hand of death was upon her.

About this time Father Ignatius Spencer gave a retreat at Saffron-hill, and Mary determined, if possible, to attend it. It seemed to her as a last grace granted to her by God, to assist her in her preparation for the end, which she felt could not be long delayed. Two kind and holy women supported her every morning to the chapel, and arranged for her to rest, between the meditations, at a neighbouring house, while they brought her back every evening to her home. Both body and soul seemed to be strengthened and revived by this retreat, at the end of which she made a general confession of her whole life. And so great was her veneration for that holy Passionist, that she would often say she felt sure that, if she were in Purgatory, one "Hail Mary" from him would release her. These words were faithfully reported to Father Spencer after her death, who did not fail to do what she wished.

But the temporary rally she had made that spring did not last. Soon she was compelled to give up her work altogether, and remain in her room; and it was there that the Sisters of Mercy found her. How great was the comfort of their presence those alone can tell who have watched a long and lingering illness, and seen the joy which lights up the dying face at the welcome sight of the loving countenance shaded by the religious dress. I can only speak for myself when I say that the very fact of a Sister by one's bedside in a moment of almost intolerable pain, seems to take off half its edge.

Then they are always at hand to suggest holy and loving thoughts when physical suffering overwhelms for a time the mental peace which the sick person endeavours to maintain.

From the very depth of her penitence and the constant sight of the misery her wilfulness had entailed, Mary was perhaps inclined to take too gloomy a view of her own faults. It was the task of the Sisters to cheer that drooping soul; to speak to her incessantly of the love and the mercy of God; to rouse in her heart an increased confidence in the power of the Precious Blood, and to fix her thoughts on the joys in store for those who have suffered in union with their Lord.

But even earthly consolations were not denied her at the end. One day the Sisters came and found her weak and trembling fingers busily engaged on some light needlework, which, with her characteristic energy, she would not leave undone while she had the strength to put in a stitch. It was part of her father's outfit; for at last his faith and patience had been rewarded, and the vacant situation in the north had been offered to him and accepted. "See how good God has been to me!" she exclaimed, after telling the joyful news to her sympathizing listeners. "I had prayed so hard to Him, that He would not let me die till I had seen my poor father and mother once more comfortably settled. And now He has granted my prayer, and I may sing my *Nunc dimittis*."

Mary then proceeded to show all the outfit which her love had prepared for him, and which had only been got together with untold sacrifice and self-denial on her part. Every shilling which had been given her to

spend in the little comforts her state so urgently required, had been hoarded up by her for this long-expected situation, when she was determined that her father's appearance should do no discredit to his kind recommender. "Only think!" she continued, "I had enough for everything but one pair of boots, and I could not conceive where that eighteen shillings was to come from. But I set to work and prayed one whole night for it, and the next morning a young priest came to see me, and he actually brought me a sovereign, which he said a gentleman had given him that very day to give to his first sick call!"

"And will your father go *soon* to his new situation?" asked the Sister with an anxious look at the emaciated and excited face, over which a cloud passed for a moment at her words.

"Hush! do not speak so loud," replied poor Mary. "He *must* go—he ought to go—or perhaps he might lose the place, and that would be worse than all. I try to keep them up by telling them I am a little better; and they do not dream how near the end is!" she added after a pause. There was something so touching and beautiful in this brave girl's determination thus to die alone, sooner than run the risk of again marring her father's prospects, that the Sisters felt themselves unable to reply, but only pressed her hand in silence.

A few more days elapsed, and then the hour of parting came. Mary had kept up wonderfully during all the last sad preparations; had herself packed her father's trunk, and seen to all the little comforts required by her mother; and now the cab came to the door which was to take them and their luggage to the station. Mary

threw her arms round her father, and as she half knelt at his feet, implored his pardon once again for all the suffering and grief she had occasioned him.

"My darling," replied her father, "how can you still think of that one fault as needing forgiveness? Have you not atoned for it a thousand times over, by your devotion and by all your dutiful love and care? Where should we have been now but for you?" And he ended by fairly breaking down while invoking every blessing on his child's head.

Her mother, scarcely less moved, watched her anxiously, saying: "You will spare yourself, Mary, for our sakes, will you not, and come and join us as soon as we are settled?"

Mary's only answer was a fervent kiss as she hurried them into the cab, on the plea that they might miss the train; but in reality because she felt she could not keep up a moment longer. Her kind landlady, coming up to see how she was after about a quarter of an hour, found her stretched on the floor in a dead faint, and the blood slowly issuing from her mouth. She lifted her up tenderly and put her to bed; but from that moment she sank rapidly.

The Sisters, coming to see her the following morning, were shocked at the rapid change in her appearance; but she received them with a smile. "I am quite happy," she murmured; "my work is done." She then expressed an earnest wish to receive the last Sacraments, and the good priest came. The Sisters had arranged a little altar near the bed, and decked it with the freshest flowers. Another kind lady had sent her some candles and a fair white cloth, and so towards

evening the sacred rite was administered, and she once more received her Lord in Holy Viaticum. An untold peace seemed to have come over her, in spite of her sufferings, which at times were terrible to witness. On one occasion, when the Sisters had said something about praying that she might be released, she answered quickly, "Oh, no, no! I deserve it all. Only pray that I may be entirely conformed to the will of God, whatever that may be." So she went on from day to day, with that wonderful vitality which so often surprises us in those who we feel are doomed to certain death, and who yet linger on, long after both doctors and watchers have given up all hope.

One morning the Sisters found her sadder than usual, with an open letter lying on the bed, which was blotted with tears. It was from her father, describing his new home in glowing terms. The situation was all that he could desire; the house they had taken was bright and comfortable; there was a nice little garden—in fact, all that he wanted was his darling little Mary. And in the exuberance of his joy, he added that he was sure she would get quite well and strong in that pure good air, and so implored her to join him as soon as she could. Her mother added her entreaties to those of her father, dwelling on the easy nature of the journey, and saying she would meet her at the station if she would only fix a day for her arrival. We all know how painful it is when we have, as it were, given up life, with its affections and interests, to be suddenly recalled to it again by some unexpected circumstance; and to poor Mary's loving heart this fresh reopening of the old wound was inexpressibly trying.

"How miserably weak and foolish I am!" she exclaimed, when the Sisters had read the letter, and returned it to her with a compassionate look. "I thought I had given up everything, and was so resigned to die; and now——"

"Would you really wish, if you had your choice, to be restored to health?" asked the Sister gently.

Mary paused for a moment before making a reply. At last she whispered softly:—

"No, I do not really think I should; for then I should have a fresh struggle, and a still harder one, to bear." The Sister looked at her inquiringly; and Mary continued, though her breath came in gasps, and she spoke with evident effort: "I have been thinking a great deal about my poor Frank—my husband, you know—since I have been lying here; and I feel that if I were to recover, my clear duty would be to go to him. In the hour of sorrow and shame, a wife's place is by her husband. And yet, I feel also that it would require more courage than I could possibly muster. I have such a dread of the sea; and to leave my parents for ever, if I were still on earth, would be terrible. No, I do not wish to live," she added, with more energy; "that is unless it be God's holy will, so that I might be more fit to go."

"You can offer up all your present sufferings for him," answered the Sister. "Who knows that they may not work out his salvation? God is infinitely good, and will accept all such sacrifices, in union with that of His Divine Son, for the conversion of sinners."

Mary smiled faintly.

"Will you answer this letter for me?" she continued.

"I fear I could not hold a pen now. But do not say how bad I am, only that I am afraid I am too weak to come to them."

The letter was written as guardedly as possible; but it could not deceive a mother. On the following day the earliest train brought her to her child's bedside. And great was the Sisters' joy when, on paying their daily visit, they found she had arrived.

"How can I thank you enough," exclaimed the poor mother through her tears, as she met them at the door, "for all the care you have taken of my poor child! We had no idea she was so very ill; and she tells me you have been everything to her."

"It has been a great pleasure to do anything for her," replied the Sisters; "and it is not often we have so much consolation as in her case. I fear you must have found a great change since you left."

The mother could not speak, but drew aside the curtain of the little room where Mary lay. Her eyes were closed, and her hands tightly clasped the crucifix she had hung round her neck. In a recess opposite her chair was a little altar, with a beautiful picture of Our Lady and the Infant Saviour above. Over this the Sisters had illuminated the words, *Passio Christi conforta me*, and latterly they had added, at her own earnest request, the words, *Credo, spero, amo*. She was so afraid lest in her weakness she should forget the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and often repeated the word *amo* with a wonderful expression of joy and love. On the poor walls of her little room the Sisters had pinned her favourite holy picture-cards, "The death of St. Joseph," and others. As they were looking at her Mary opened

her eyes and smiled; and then, glancing at everything round her, whispered softly:—

"You see I have everything I want. You have been so good to me. God bless and reward you!"

These were the last words she uttered to the Sisters. The following day, when they returned there, they found the blinds drawn, and the good landlady, through her tears, informed the Sisters that all was over. She had died rather suddenly the evening before. Her mother thought her weaker towards nine o'clock, and sent for the priest, who began reciting the prayers for those in their last agony. And when he came to the words *Subvenite Sancti Dei*, she suddenly looked up with an expression of intense joy, as if she had already a glimpse of the Beatific Vision, and then with a gentle sigh her spirit fled.

"The poor mother has gone out to make arrangements for the funeral," the landlady added. "Would the Sisters come in and see the corpse?"

They entered the little room, where a pious neighbour was quietly praying. Two lighted tapers were at the foot of the bed on which she lay, calm and beautiful in death, with a look of wonderful peace and joy on that pure white face and marble brow. For a long while the Sisters knelt and prayed in silence, and then the broken-hearted mother came in.

"Oh, how shall I break it to her father!" were her first words, as she sobbingly pressed her lips on her child's cold forehead.

"Tell him how blest her death has been," replied the Sisters, "and he will not wish her back. She has worn the crown of thorns here, only that she might inherit a glorious crown in the kingdom of heaven."

JESUIT OBEDIENCE

By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

The title "Jesuit Obedience" would seem to imply that the purpose of the present paper is to explain what is special in kind about Jesuit Obedience, and differentiates it from the obedience of other Religious Orders and of other men. On the contrary, I wish to show that there is nothing special in its kind about the obedience which St. Ignatius has prescribed to his sons. Our Founder has spoken about the virtue of obedience in the Constitutions and in his famous Letter on Obedience. Both of these documents are easily accessible, and they are the authentic sources of information as to the sort of obedience to which the Jesuit pledges himself. As any one who refers to them will perceive, the writer has no consciousness that his teaching is different from what is commonly given to all placed under authority—for instance, by the Apostle St. Paul in his Epistle to the Ephesians, where he says: "Obey your masters in the flesh with fear and trembling, in the simplicity of your hearts, *as to Christ*; not serving to the eye, as if to please men, but as the servants of Christ doing the will of God *from the heart*, serving with a good will, as to the Lord and not to men." St. Ignatius quotes this passage early in his Letter on Obedience, and it is not too much to say that it forms the text of which the entire Letter is intended to be an exposition. The one thing that he does desire to be distinctive of his Order is that it should strive to cultivate this virtue, incumbent on all, in a specially perfect way; so that, as other Orders are noted for the extent of their prayer or austerities, or the severity of their manner of living, his sons might become noted for the perfection of their obedience.

This, of course, is not the popular impression about Jesuit Obedience. The censors of the Society assure us that there

is something very special indeed about it, and very horrible. Thus Dr. Littledale, in his *Encyclopædia Britannica* account, or rather travesty, of the character of the Society, which seems to be generally accepted as if it were some authentic document, has the following passage:

"On this principle he [St. Ignatius] raised obedience to a position it had never held before, even among monastic virtues. His letter on this subject, addressed to the Jesuits of Coimbra in 1553, is still one of the standard formularies of the Society, ranking with those two other products of his pen, the Spiritual Exercises and the Constitutions, and it is evident that his views differ very seriously from the older theories on the subject, as formulated in other rules. In them the Superior is the head of a local family, endowed with paternal authority, no doubt as understood by the old civil code of the Roman Empire, centuries after the very memory of freedom had been lost, yet having fixed limits, alike traditional and prescribed, besides being exercised only within a limited area and for certain specified purposes. Loyola, true to his military training and instincts, clothes the General with the powers of a commander-in-chief of an army in time of war, giving him the absolute disposal of all members of the Society in every place and for every purpose. Not only so, but he pushes the claim much further, requiring, besides entire outward submission to command, also the complete identification of the inferior's will with that of the superior. He lays down that this superior is to be obeyed simply as such, and as standing in the place of God, without reference to his personal wisdom, piety, or discretion; that any obedience which falls short of making the superior's will one's own in inward affection as well as in palpable effect, is lax and imperfect; that going beyond the letter of command, even in things abstractedly good and praiseworthy, is disobedience; and that the 'sacrifice of the intellect' — a familiar Jesuit watchword—is the third and highest degree of obedience, well pleasing to God, when the inferior not only wills what the superior wills, but thinks what he thinks,

submitting his judgement so far as it is possible for the will to influence and lead the judgement."

In this sufficiently representative statement of the popular idea, we are told that "Loyola raised obedience to a place which it had never held before, even among monastic virtues"; and that his "views differ very seriously from the older theories on the subject" (of obedience). Let us see how far the points that are indicated bear out this contention.

One of them, at any rate, may be dismissed at once as irrelevant. No doubt in some of the older Orders there was, and still is, apart from the Pope, no general superior with a world-wide jurisdiction over the monks, no one above the abbot, or other local superior. But long before the Jesuits had come on the scene, the principle of Orders with a world-wide organization for world-wide work had been accepted, as for instance, in the great Orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic. Nor is this distinction between local and general superiors a point which in any way touches the internal character of the virtue of obedience.

Nor again can it be said that Jesuit obedience differs from the obedience of other Orders, in that their obedience is to an authority whose powers are strictly limited, whereas ours is to one whose power extends to everything and anything which the Superior may have the wish to enjoin—"in every place and for every purpose." There are well-defined limits to the obedience of the Society as well as of other Orders. As in them, a Jesuit vows obedience "according to the rules," or, to quote the exact phrase in the formula of his vows, he vows "perpetual obedience in the Society of Jesus, . . . understanding everything (*i.e.*, all his engagements under vow) conformably with the Constitutions of the same Society." For instance, if a Jesuit Superior were to order one of his subjects to start business as a lawyer, or a butcher—a thing which it is inconceivable that any Jesuit Superior should do—he might expect to be told by that subject, respectfully but firmly, that that was a mode of life which the Constitutions of the Society in no way contemplated, and which he was

therefore in no way bound by his vow to accept; in other words, that he had joined a Society of priests, assisted by lay-brothers, to do a certain kind of clerical work, in teaching, preaching, administering sacraments, and so on, and to live according to a certain rule and discipline, all of which the Constitutions carefully define. And he might add that not only had he never pledged himself to anything more than this, but that he could not fancy himself taking or the Church permitting a vow which was not thus carefully limited in its character—quoting perhaps in his support the words of the great Jesuit theologian, Suarez, who pronounces that it would be "indiscreet and inhuman" to take a vow which "was not limited in its matter as regards the variety, multitude, perfection, and difficulty of the actions prescribed, proportionately to the person taking the vow, and the state or manner of life he is professing."[1] It follows that when the power of the General is stated to be absolute, this can only be admitted in a qualified sense. He is the supreme guardian, within the Society, of the faithful observance of its Constitutions and of its inherited spirit, and he appoints directly to the more important offices, though only after receiving the recommendations, which he usually follows, of the local superiors and consultors. Keeping as he does on these lines, he is assured of a ready obedience from his subjects. But if we can conceive of the unprecedented absurdity, and imagine him seeking to rule otherwise, it is no disrespect to him to say that he would find the course of his government as much impeded as the course of a train derailed.

There is at all events nothing in the fact that a Jesuit General has fuller powers than the Generals of some other Religious Orders, which should cause the obedience of the Society to be deemed improper and horrible. The obedience to which a soldier is bred is not so regarded, and yet this goes beyond what the Jesuit is bred to, and it has fewer safeguards in the character of its chiefs than has the obedience of the Society. Let us see then whether we can discover any

[1] *De Voto*, tom. xv. lib. x. cap. 3, r. ii.

peculiarity of Jesuit obedience in the other points to which Dr. Littledale's paragraph directs our attention.

They are three in number—(1) that obedience is to be rendered to the Superior as standing in the place of God, without reference to his personal qualities; (2) that the subject's will is to be identified with that of the Superior; (3) and even, so far as is possible, his judgement is to be identified with the judgement of the Superior.

In supposing the first of these to be a Jesuit peculiarity, Dr. Littledale must have forgotten the text cited above, from the Epistle to the Ephesians, "Obey your masters in the flesh . . . *as to Christ*, . . . as the servants of God doing the will of God from the heart, . . . *as to the Lord and not to men*," and that other text, "He that heareth you heareth me." It is the doctrine certainly of the Catholic Church, and, seeing how clear is its Scriptural foundation, one would imagine also of Christians generally, that "all authority is from God,"[1] whether it be that of spiritual or temporal rulers, or of parents, or again of any who receive it by delegation from these. And the reason why Holy Scripture so speaks is surely not hard to understand. The fundamental title of all authority is possession. It is the possessor who has the right to dispose of his property; and men belong to God, their Creator, and Christ, their Redeemer. God, therefore, has the fundamental right to dispose of their actions, in other words, to rule them, and no one else can claim to exercise authority over them, save by delegation from Him, and as his ministers in some department of human life. It is only expressing this truth in other words to say that a superior, be he parent or duly appointed spiritual or temporal ruler, stands to those over whom he is set in the place of Christ, and that it is as such that they should regard him and obey him, rather than on account of any talent for government that may be in him. How absurd then on finding this rational and Scriptural doctrine set forth in the formularies of the Society, to pronounce it a Jesuitical and highly suspicious peculiarity!

[1] Romans xiii. 1.

It will assist us in discussing the other two alleged peculiarities of Jesuit obedience if we begin by taking note not only of the fact that God has placed us all under the authority of many earthly superiors, but also of the reason why He has so ordered. He has done it for the benefit both of our individual and our social development, because the weak and inexperienced need to be assisted by the strong and prudent, and because social action is united action, and united action is impossible except in so far as the many can be induced to follow a leader. By placing men under obedience to superiors clothed with a delegation of His own Divine authority, God takes the most natural and efficacious means of securing to them this two-fold benefit. But the benefit is so necessary that to secure it in some measure men are fain to substitute a shadow of authority and obedience even where the corresponding realities are no longer recognized. It is what we see around us in our own country at the present time. A spiritual view of obedience is still inculcated on the young, in the nursery and the schoolroom, but the average Englishman chafes under the suggestion that civil rulers are set over him by God, and still more (if we except a certain class) is he indignant at the suggestion that bishop, or priest, or minister, can have claims on his obedience. What he likes to think is that these are his own servants, holding under him in his capacity as one of the sovereign people, and that in conforming himself to their directions he is acting in consistency with himself. Still, as I am saying, he does lay stress on the duty of thus submitting himself to the laws of his country and the ordinances of the church or communion of his choice. It is what he does well, and is proud of himself for doing well. He has, he would say, a great respect for the laws, and for those appointed to administer them, a respect rising to loyalty as regards the person of the sovereign, especially if a female sovereign. And he assures us truly that he thoroughly appreciates the necessity of unwisdom submitting to be directed by wisdom, and the necessity in the interests of common action for the individuals to submit to the laws and

to the rule of their governing bodies, in the life of the state, or the municipality, or of any party or other voluntary associations. In other words, the Jesuit and the average Englishman are agreed that without the submission of the many to the behests of the few, the moral and social world would not go round, and differ only as to the character of the obligation thence arising, the one regarding it as a duty of submission to institutions on the orderly working of which the welfare of human society depends, the other as this indeed, but also as a duty of true obedience to superiors appointed by God and clothed with his authority.

We may pass on now to the two other alleged peculiarities of Jesuit obedience. With the aid of the comparison just made, we shall be able to see that these alleged peculiarities, so far from being such, are equally esteemed, not only by other Religious Orders, but even by the average Englishman of whom we have been speaking. He may not use quite the same terms as St. Ignatius, but he uses terms of equivalent meaning. We may go to the army for an illustration, and suppose the case of one appointed to a post which is very distasteful to him. To such a person the average Englishman would not indeed say, "Try and will what your military superiors will," but he would certainly say, "Do not be contented with a mere half-hearted and mechanical obedience, nursing meanwhile your discontent with grumblings and predictions of failure, but, on the contrary, put your heart into the work and strive to make it a success, just as though it were the work of your own predilection." And he would even go further, and say, "Strive hard to overcome your dislike for the work, and to transform it into a positive liking, for in proportion as you can accomplish this will you be able to fulfil your charge with ease and success." Such counsel when viewed in this connection sounds so obviously appropriate that one cannot contemplate its needing to be justified. Yet it is only this self-same counsel which, when given by St. Ignatius to his sons, is accounted unnatural and suspicious, and such as no other Religious Order or body of men would

tolerate. Clearly this paradox must be ascribed to some misapprehension, and the misapprehension is that when the Jesuit is told to "lay aside" (*deponere*) or "cast off (*exuere*) his own will," and "will only what his Superior wills," he is expected to stifle all exercise of volition within him, reducing himself to a kind of machine. The ground for so strange a supposition is to be sought, in addition to the expressions just cited, in certain images which St. Ignatius borrows from the ancient ascetical writers; such as [let him be] "like a corpse which allows itself to be carried in any direction and treated in any manner whatsoever," and "like an old man's staff which serves him wherever and however he likes to use it." But St. Ignatius never meant to be understood with such extreme literalism. To "lay aside" or "cast off" are expressions meaning no more than the common phrase "to give up" one's will, and it is a recognized law of language that "comparisons do not go on all fours." Moreover, it is in the consciousness of us all that the efforts to sacrifice our own will for the will of another, especially if the sacrifice is carried to the lengths described in the above case of the soldier, so far from annihilating the activity of the volitional faculty within us, stimulate and invigorate it. And we may perhaps appeal to the palpable fact, known to the large number who have friends or acquaintances in the Society, that Jesuits are not, speaking generally, notable for their want of will power, but rather for the abundance of it.

We come now to obedience of the judgement, the third alleged peculiarity of the Jesuit system of obedience, and that which is held to be its chief vice. How can a man without violence offered to his rational nature abdicate his own judgement for that of his superior? Ought not his endeavour always to be to make his judgement conform strictly and exclusively to the claims of the evidence which is set before his eyes? Can he without infidelity to truth stifle a judgement which he feels to be that of truth for a contrary judgement imposed on him by an outside authority? Indeed, is not such a mental process impossible, so that in attempting it he

does no more than nurse himself in a dishonest delusion? And finally, must not the ultimate result of such unnatural efforts, if carried out consistently, be to paralyze the judicial faculty and extinguish the sense of personal responsibility which God has attached to it?

This is the indictment, but we have only to recur once more to the analogy of the counsels which the average Englishman would give his fellows in the ordinary affairs of life, to recognize how absurdly unfounded it is. A chance number of the *Globe* has an article on "The Spirit of Opposition," from which we may borrow the following passage:

"There are many people moving about in the world to-day whose chief pleasure is found in opposing. To run counter to the views or desires of their own family circle, their fellow-townsmen, or even the world at large, is to them at once the aim of their lives and the acme of their happiness. . . . They are convinced in their own minds that there are always several reasons why the aspirations of the majority are ever in the wrong, and conceive that it is their mission in life to open the eyes of the rest to the follies they are in their blindness committing. They imagine it is their duty to teach mankind at large, and those with whom they come more in contact in particular, what ignorant folks they are."

For "majority" let us substitute "superiors," and we have set before us in these words the same infirmity of human character which St. Ignatius is contemplating, and for which he is offering a remedy, in the portion of his instructions on obedience with which we are now concerned; or rather, we have here an extreme form of the same infirmity. For there is in all, and specially in those of us who are endowed with a certain strength of character, a more or less developed disposition to harden ourselves in judgements adverse to the schemes of others, particularly when they are schemes the carrying out of which will affect our own interests and inclinations. And if the disposition is so general, and therefore bound to show itself in a Religious Order as well as elsewhere, it is to be expected that a far-seeing founder

should indicate a method by which it may be corrected, and its evil effects as far as possible prevented.

For these evil effects are prone to be considerable. The will and the judgement are faculties of the same person, and, as St. Ignatius points out so forcibly, there cannot well, without violence to nature, be a long-enduring opposition between them. One is sure, sooner or later, to draw the other to itself. If the judgement draws the will, the latter in turn will draw to itself the external action, and full and complete disobedience will be the final catastrophe, whilst during the continuance of the conflict there will be want of alacrity and diligence, want of courage, suffering, annoyance, weariness, meanness, excuses, and other defects, all which will eat away the perfection of the obedience, extend from one member of the community to another, cause divisions among them, and seriously paralyze the work of God in which they are engaged.

St. Ignatius's remedy is, we know, that in such cases the subject should put some pressure on his judgement in the endeavour to make it more conformable to that of his Superior. And the objection taken to this remedy is that it is immoral. The mind, we have heard, in forming its judgements should aim at truth, and that only; to bend it in any other direction, for the sake of pleasing a Superior or any one else, is unquestionably a form of depravity. To speak thus, however, is to miss the point altogether. What is suggested by St. Ignatius is not against the claims of truth but in their behalf, nor is it different from what most sensible men would recommend in like cases.

The Saint acknowledges that there are times when a man cannot change his judgement, namely, when the evidence in its support is clear and convincing. But the subject's judgement is not infallible; it may err; and the question for him to consider is whether the error may not be on his side, not on his Superior's. And just as the writer above-quoted is hinting to the combative characters he describes, that the bare fact of their having the "majority" against them should

be to them a sufficient indication that they have judged amiss, either through bias or through some infirmity of mental view, so St. Ignatius implies that the bare fact of a subject's judgement being opposed to that of his Superior should cause him to suspect that, from one or other of these two causes, the misjudgement needing correction is on his, not the Superior's side. For the Superior is presumably of as competent judgement as the subject, perhaps of more competent judgement, since soundness of judgement ranks high among the qualities for which a Superior is chosen. Besides which, the Superior is more favourably situated for judging correctly than the subject, being free from the bias which affects a subject when his own cause is at stake, being in a more central position for observing the facts, and having fuller access to the sources of information. In his consciousness that there are these presumptions in his Superior's favour, it is surely not unreasonable that the subject should be led to reconsider his opinions, with the result perhaps of deciding, calmly and prudently before God, that he was in the right after all, but more probably of discovering where he was in the wrong, or at all events of concluding that the truth may very possibly be on his Superior's side, although he has not the wits or the knowledge to perceive it.

And here we reach the question of the defensibility of "blind" obedience. The adjective "blind" may have a suspicious sound to those who have not reflected very carefully on its meaning, but the thing, when it presents itself in other connections, is wont to be praised, not condemned.

> "Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die:"

—our hearts all accord with the poet's when he thus sings the praises of the Six Hundred, and yet their action, which is deemed so noble, was precisely an act of blind obedience. They could not see the motive of such a charge; they were as blind men in that respect: but they trusted their commander, and rode on with all their might. In their case the

trust was not justified, as it was not with the men on board the *Victoria* and the ship which sank it. But of its own nature it tends towards success, and that is why in the army and navy so much stress is laid upon it. Nor is it without a direct success, even when the immediate result is signal disaster. The charge of the Six Hundred, and the behaviour of the men on the ships mentioned, have, as examples, contributed not a little to the efficiency of the British army and navy. Why then are the members of a Religious Order to be blamed because in parallel circumstances they set before themselves this same ideal of blind obedience elsewhere so highly esteemed? They are entitled to urge this question all the more, because in their case, engaged as they are in work for God, and regarding their Superiors as God's ministers, occupying His place towards them, they can repose their trust not merely or chiefly in the wisdom and prudence of these earthly Superiors, but much more in the overruling Providence of God. If the catastrophe of an ill-advised charge can lead to good ulterior results, much more can those engaged in spiritual work nerve themselves to a blind obedience, in the belief that what in relation to proximate causes and effects is failure may in the scheme of God's far-reaching Providence be the necessary preparation for some triumph of grace in the future.

Will it be contended that I am avoiding the real difficulty, which is that blind obedience in the Society means obedience which is blind to the consideration whether sin is not involved in the orders received? If so, that contention is incorrect. It is distinctly not questions of sin, but questions of advisability, just as has been indicated, which our Founder's exhortations to blind obedience contemplate. Such questions are constantly arising, as any one might suppose, in a great Order engaged in various works of study and spiritual ministration. Is it for the glory of God that such a mission or college should be founded or abandoned, is it advisable that I should be allowed to undertake such and such studies and employments, that I should be withdrawn from a position in which I

believe myself to be doing good which another might be unable to continue, or appointed to one not according to my tastes and for which I feel myself incompetent? These are but a few specimens, but they may suffice to define the standpoint from which the propriety of blind obedience should be estimated, and this seems a matter of importance, as so many are misled by the impression just alluded to, that it means the refusal to consider, except when the evidence of sinfulness stares one in the face, whether what is enjoined is not forbidden by God's law.

But let us pass now to this further question, and inquire what sort of contingency is contemplated by the excepting clauses, "where no sin is seen to be present,"[1] "in all things which do not involve sin."[2] That it is the possibility of an order being given compliance with which might appear to the subject to be sinful, is clear from the force of terms, but what kind of sin? Our censors instinctively think of not infrequent occasions in which a Jesuit might be called upon to commit a murder, or a theft, or to simulate the worship of some false religion. They fancy that the plans of St. Ignatius distinctly included crimes like these among the means by which the Order should pursue its object of subjugating mankind under the yoke of the Papacy, and that in consequence he wished to have the members of his Order trained to obey when called upon to commit any one of these crimes. But they further suppose that, realizing the power of conscience, and how it would be likely to thwart his evil plans, St. Ignatius thought to delude it by a specious excepting clause to the general rule; that he counted on the subject reading this rule and finding relief in its language from his pricks of remorse, whilst the superiors might be trusted to involve their orders to commit crime in mazes of casuistical subtleties which would effectually prevent the subject from pleading that the sin was palpable. To this strange theory, which would be incredible were it not actually held and advocated, a very short answer may suffice. Given the possibility of a set of men devising a Religious

[1] *Summary of the Constitutions*, No. 31. [2] *Letter on Obedience.*

Order on such a nefarious basis, or transforming in this sense one already existing, there could be no necessity of an excepting clause like the one we are considering, for the simple reason that no one could conscientiously join an Order of this nature or take vows in it. To vow obedience is an act of trust, and it would be an evil, not a pious act, to repose that trust in a class of men by supposition so unworthy of it. One might as well entrust one's safety whilst journeying through a lonely district to a gang of robbers. Nor, again, is it conceivable that a Pope, even the worst Pope who has ever sat on the Chair of Peter, should permit, still less sanction the existence of such an Order, which would be a trap for souls, not an aid.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not deny that, if a Superior should at any time so abuse his office as to command the commission of a gross and palpable sin, the clause in the rule, "except where sin is seen to be present," would cover the case, and direct the subject what to do if he needed any direction. By the force of terms it would do this. But, as has been said, such abominations are too incredible to be met by special clauses in the rules, and the question therefore arises what is the kind of sin which St. Ignatius thought a Superior might possibly be led to command, or be thought to command? I may answer the question by putting another. Outside the Society does it not occasionally happen, that a good man, acting in perfect good faith, asks another to do what the other, rightly or wrongly, considers to be sinful? I say "rightly or wrongly," for the error of judgement may sometimes be on the side of the person asked. But whether he be right or wrong in his judgement, the obligation of the person asked remains the same. If he thinks that what he is asked to do is sinful, he must refuse, for he cannot do it without sin. He may indeed, on reconsideration, see solid grounds for changing his opinion, or he may feel that the other person being a man of much sounder judgement than himself and perfectly conscientious, he is safe in preferring his opinion to his own. But unless and until he can form his con-

science on sufficient grounds, he has no alternative save to refuse what is asked of him. Well then, if outside the Society a man in good faith may find himself placed thus in conflict with the conscience of another, is it so hard to conceive that similar conflicts may occasionally happen within the Society, and require to be dealt with in just the same way? At all events it is so, and the clause, "except where there is seen to be sin," stands on record to prove the care with which St. Ignatius has wished on such occasions to safeguard the consciences of his sons. But it will make this point perhaps clearer, if an illustration is given of the kind of conflict between a superior's order and a subject's conscience which might arise. The Society, of course, requires of those whom she sets to teach theology that they teach in conformity with the teaching of the Catholic Church. But there is a deal of matter lying beyond this boundary, in the way of deductions, philosophical explanations, and so forth. In regard to these latter she cannot appeal to the decisive authority of the Church which by supposition does not exist, and yet she may desire to secure a certain uniformity in the teaching of her young students, on the principle that, if their professors are always fighting one another, the pupils will only get mystified and learn little, instead of which it is much better that they should receive their first formation on the best-accepted system, and wait to compare it more fully with other systems later. But the carrying out of this sensible policy may incidentally bring the Superior into conflict with the conscience of one or other of the professors, who on being appointed to a chair might reply, "I cannot in conscience teach that doctrine, not believing it to be true." If the Superior insisted, that would be an instance in which the professor would be entitled to fall back on the excepting clause in the rule, and he would be very certain to do so. In fact, however, the Superior might be trusted not to insist. Possibly he might be a little irritated at what appeared to him the *bizarrerie* of the professor's views, but he would not think of doing more; he would merely turn to some

one else whose ideas were more in accordance with his requirements.

This slight sketch may assist to show that the qualities of obedience on which St. Ignatius lays stress, are not, as is widely supposed, unpleasant peculiarities in the obedience exacted among the Jesuits, but qualities which, though not perhaps in quite the same terms, are declared to be the marks of a perfect obedience all the world over. And, this being the case, the further allegation perishes with it, the allegation based surely on inference, not experience, that obedience in the Society has the effect of annihilating in the Jesuit the faculty of judging, of destroying the sense of responsibility which pre-supposes it, and so reducing him to a mere machine. It has been already shown that it has not that effect on the will, and it is quite as clear that it has it not as regards the judgement. Indeed, it has just the opposite effect. Most men when called upon to submit to arrangements made by another which run counter to their inclinations, having formed a view more at the bidding of their wishes and prejudices than of their reason, settle down into it with a perverse indolence from which there is no moving them. A Jesuit, if he is faithful to his rule, must rouse himself out of this mental torpor, fight against the distorting influence of bias, and take a wider and more searching survey of the evidence.

And it may be added that the effect of his Jesuit training is to qualify him considerably for this intelligible course. For his spiritual training tends to render his conscience delicate, his theological training tends to make him acute in detecting the presence of sin, where with the average man it would probably pass unobserved, whilst his constant changes from one residence to another, from one work to another, and from the condition of subject to that of superior, and *vice versa*, give him frequent opportunities of estimating the force of bias, and act as a corrective of one-sidedness.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

THE SETTING OF A GREAT HOPE.

BY C. M. HOME.

I.

THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE DAWN.

It was the month of June in the year 1509, and old Father Thames was arrayed in gala attire, for all London was keeping high holiday in honour of the coronation of King Henry the Eighth and Katharine of Aragon. The ceremony had taken place in the Abbey Church at Westminster on St. John Baptist's day, but the consequent festivities were kept up for the remainder of the year.

On this special June day of which we are writing, the fair river was thronged with gilded barges, their brightly-coloured banners flying in the light summer breeze, and the gorgeous canopies of cloth of gold, or silver, gleaming with dazzling radiance in the brilliant sunshine. Along the river banks hundreds of people stood and watched the gay scene, discussing the rank and appearance of the company on the water, or listening to the strains of music

that came forth from some of the attendant boats. Now, one of the barges would glide swiftly past, with its imposing-looking freight of scarlet-robed aldermen, closely followed by those of the different City companies; then a boat of less pretentious size, bearing a portly citizen and his family; but each vessel, whatever its dimensions might be, was decked out with gay pennons, embroidered escutcheons, and various devices, amongst which the monogram H and K, interlaced with a true lover's knot, was sure to be conspicuous.

In one of the barges of eight oars, two young men were seated under a rich canopy of blue arras tastefully embroidered in silver. One was but a youth of seventeen, with a fair pleasant face and bright brown eyes full of life and spirit. He was dressed in the gorgeous fashion of the day in a short doublet belted at the waist, a jerkin with puffed and slashed sleeves, hose to the knee that were also puffed and slashed, and, below them, tight-fitting stockings and velvet shoes; the whole costume being of different tints of scarlet. A small flat cap of the same hue, with a single feather fastened by a jewelled clasp, completed his attire.

His companion, a plain, grave-looking man some eight or nine years his senior, was more soberly arrayed in a suit of murrey-coloured cloth, with a black velvet cap.

"Thank heaven! we are nearing the Temple stairs at last," exclaimed the elder man. "Now, Alwyn, for a

quiet time with thy lady mother and sweet Mistress Joan."

Sir Alwyn Ferrers laughed gaily. "Thou art but a solemn owl, Sir John," he rejoined, "that doth greatly affect to sigh love ditties to the moon. *I* favour the bright sunshine and the busy scene around us, aye, even the passing music, though at times the notes may jangle."

"Heaven help thee for a giddy-pated, saucy knave," retorted Sir John Fetherston, as he sprang on to the Temple stairs where the serving men stood waiting to carry their masters' swords and cloaks.

Not many steps farther brought them to one of the grand old houses which in those days stood along the river bank, and even these stately mansions had donned holiday attire. Rich tapestries hung from the windows, heraldic shields adorned the doorways, flags and banners waved from the gables.

Sir Alwyn Ferrers and his companion were ushered up a broad flight of massive oak stairs into a large room, where, seated in the deep recess of an oriel window overlooking the Thames, were two ladies,—one middle-aged, but retaining traces of her former beauty, the other a girl of nineteen, evidently her daughter.

"Ah, sweet mother!" cried Sir Alwyn as he kissed the elder lady's hand, "Sir John and I have stolen away from the revels for a little breathing time, and to bring you and Joan the latest news from the Court."

"Thou art ever welcome, my dear son," said Lady Ferrers as she embraced him tenderly, "and Sir John needeth no assurance of the same for himself."

"I thank thee, sweet madam," returned Sir John as he bent over her hand, "thou hast ever shown me rare courtesy, far beyond my deserts. And thou, fair Mistress Joan," he added in a lower tone, "hast no word of welcome for me?"

Joan looked up calmly; she had the same bright brown eyes as her brother Alwyn, but she was a serious-looking maiden, and did not even smile as she replied, "My mother's honoured guest must needs be mine also, Sir John. Methought thou didst much despise fair words."

"When they be words and naught else. May I sit beside thee, while Alwyn doth unburden himself of the tale of gay doings of the last few days?"

"Aye, Joan, thou wouldst hear, and my mother too, of all the brave doings that have been since His Grace's marriage. Nothing hath been seen like to them for many a long year. Surely 'tis the most good and gracious King we have yet had! I would, mother, thou couldst have seen him in the Abbey Church, so tall, so majestic, yet withal so winsome in his manner, with his bright gold hair and his stately bearing."

"Methought, when I last saw His Grace, he had a bold look that I misliked," said Joan.

There was an angry flush on Sir John Fetherston's pale cheek as he observed, "Was it so, fair Mistress Joan? By my halidom, even kings may go beyond their licence!"

But Alwyn broke in impetuously, "Thou art too straightlaced, Joan; 'tis but his Grace's gay genial manner. Think how wise and prudent he hath been since his accession, how eager to offer redressal for all grievances inflicted under his father's reign, how far-seeing in his public acts, and he but one year older than myself!"

"'Tis true he hath done well by retaining his father's counsellors," said Lady Ferrers.

"Advised thereto by that venerable lady, his grandmother, the Countess of Richmond," added Sir John.

Lady Ferrers smiled as she rejoined, "Yea, fair sir, albeit all men have not the grace to follow good advice even though it be from their elders; and thou must own King Henry hath well acquitted himself, as Alwyn doth so loyally maintain."

"Marvellously well in the bringing to justice two such rapacious knaves as Empsom and Dudley, though, methinks, if they enriched themselves, they were but the instruments of a more exalted avarice. I doubt if they will escape with their lives."

"And I doubt not but His Grace will prove too generous to exact such a penalty," said Alwyn; "he hath promised to carry out his father's dying wish to those who had

suffered under these men's tyranny. I trow he had rather make restitution than take vengeance, and thereby win, what the late King lost by his cold heart and narrow ways,—the love of his subjects."

"Let him, at least, have the credit of his many and lavish charities," said Joan. "Dost thou forget, Alwyn, that he founded three convents of friars, and helped many poor folk in their need. And what can excel the beauty and magnificence of his Chapel at Westminster?"

"I deny it not, sweet sister, albeit I say we shall see far more renowned deeds from King Henry the Eighth, who is generous and open-hearted beyond compare. Time would fail me to tell of the divers gifts of soul and body that have been meted out to him. Where will you find a man of a more gracious presence, gay and affable with the meanest of his subjects, yet never losing one jot of his dignity? Or one more skilled in martial exercises? Not one of his archers can excel him with the bow; at tilt and tourney man and horse go down before him, he can fight at the barriers with the two-handed sword as deftly as any man-at-arms. While as to the arts of peace, His Grace is no mean scholar, and is an accomplished musician, playing on several instruments, and—— How now, Joan, what moveth thee to mirth?"

"Thy lengthy list of kingly perfections," answered his sister, laughing, "which, I ween, by often repetition we

might well know by rote ; while all this time, Alwyn, thou hast told us naught of the Queen.'

"Would'st thou know of the Queen ? Truly a goodly and gracious lady, in all points meet to be the spouse of our King ; neither very tall, nor very slight, of a stately presence, and of a fair complexion, differing wholly from the ordinary cast of Spanish women. Her hair is auburn, reaching well nigh to her feet, and she hath a sweet calm look that draweth hearts towards her, I know not how. Yet, methinks, she be too much of a saint for the courts of this world ; she keepeth convent hours, fasteth rigorously, riseth in the night to pray, and yet is up again ere scarce the day hath broken."

"I would fain know her," observed Joan ; "Would you, Sir John, set your seal to all that Alwyn saith in praise of this lady ?"

"Aye, truly, Mistress Joan, it be but the bare presentment of a beauteous picture. Dost mind, Alwyn, that thy lady mother waiteth to hear of the pageants ?"

Alwyn laughed, and replied, that it was a subject that pleased most women, and forthwith began to describe how the streets of the city had been hung with tapestry,—Cornhill even with cloth of gold,—as Henry and Katharine had passed through the streets in state ; how, on the way to the Old Change, a most beautiful pageant of young maidens clothed in white had been ranged to do them

honour. Then, what a banquet there had been in Westminster Hall, and more pageants, and more masquings.

In the evening, when Alwyn and his mother were walking in the garden that ran down to the river, enjoying the cool breeze that had sprung up as the day declined, Joan and Sir John Fetherston were standing a little apart from them, silently contemplating the scene that lay stretched out before them.

The sun had set, but the glow of his presence still lingered in the sky and was reflected like fire on the water. Almost as far down as the Ferrers's garden, each ripple was touched with ruddy gold ; each boat, as it swept down with the ebb-tide, left behind it a shining wake, as though it had come from some brighter region, and would fain keep a portion of the glory. The twin towers of St. Peter's Abbey stood out darkly against the sky, while, looking towards the east, the stately pile of St. Paul's Cathedral was touched here and there by the light of the rising moon ; a cheering sign that thus the two Apostles would guard the light of faith which should never be put out in England.

Across the river, behind the southern hills, lay a low, threatening bank of clouds that ever and anon seemed to shiver, as a far-distant flicker of summer lightning played over them ; but above, the stars were shining out one by

one, and the fluttering breeze heightened the effect of the gay pictures of light and colour in the boats which still thronged the river.

"In the time of the evening there shall be light," said Joan at length, in a low tone, more as if she were musing on the words than addressing her companion.

But Sir John Fetherston answered, "Aye, sweet lady, let us take it as a gracious promise, for methinks the evening doth already draw around, and a darker one than this fair dying of the day on which we gaze."

"And you, too, have forebodings? When the words came to my lips, I was thinking to myself whether it be lack of sympathy on my part, or soreness of spirit, that maketh me care not greatly to hear our dear Alwyn take such pleasure in pageants and revels, tilts and tournaments, and hold himself so confidently as though the golden age were come again. I fear me he will be sorely spoilt with all these gay doings."

"His is not a spirit that will spoil," answered Sir John gravely, "but one that may, perchance, suffer much in the annealing. True gold passeth through the furnace, and is purged of its dross."

Joan sighed. "Must it indeed be so?"

"Would you have it otherwise, fair Mistress Joan? Is it not better to have the Lord as a refining fire, than to be scorched up and withered by the world's evil glare?

Alwyn is young and inexperienced, but he hath the grace of God, and a deep faith that will be as an anchor when the storm doth arise. Had not Charles Brandon stood in the way, he had been in a more perilous state as the King's first favourite, brought up as he was about the Court and in His Grace's constant companionship."

"You are right, Sir John; 'tis I that be fearful and faint-hearted. But you will shield Alwyn, if you can, from the dangers around him. He is so bright and hopeful now, I shrink from any thought of dole or disappointment for him."

"I will do what I can, I pledge you my word, sweet lady; but do not forecast evil. Take you for comfort the words, 'By Thy ordinance the day goeth on: for all things serve Thee.'"

II.

CLOUDS AT NOON.

"How now, John Fetherston, what is this strange matter this is mooted everywhere? Scruples of conscience, and whispers of divorce! By'r Lady, it cannot be!" And Sir Alwyn Ferrers grasped his brother-in-law's arm like a vice.

After a separation of many months, they were standing together on the river's bank, whence, in the fair May morning, the low range of the Surrey hills, with a long stretch of fields in all their fresh spring verdure, might be distinguished across the water. No crowded buildings or unsightly factories were there to intercept the view. The blossoms of the whitethorn made gay the sloping banks, while on the north side from the palace of Bridewell to Westminster, rose stately mansions belonging to the nobles of the day.

The swift flight of years had wrought some change in the appearance of Sir Alwyn Ferrers. He was no longer the gay youth of the early days of Henry's reign, but a fine handsome man of thirty, tall, graceful, and well-

proportioned. There was another change, which time alone could not have wrought: the joyous look was gone, and the bright brown eyes wore an expression of trouble and perplexity.

"What of the vile slander which is so bruited about?" again asked Alwyn, as Sir John made no answer, "Whence hath it arisen? Thou canst not surely tell me there is aught of foundation for it?"

"Marry, my good brother, there is a deep one, I fear," replied Sir John, whose added years seemed to have sat lightly on him. "'Twas but this very morning Joan did tell me how men say His Grace hath lamented to Dr. Longland, who thou knowest is his confessor, that he hath no rest from the thoughts of the wrong he hath done in marrying his brother's widow."

"I know not how to credit it," returned Alwyn; "some evil tongue hath insinuated the devilish doubt into the generous heart of the King."

"Well mayest thou say an evil tongue; and the wiles of an evil woman! Alack, how hath King Henry belied the gracious promise of his youth!"

"Thou didst give him but grudging credit even then for that same gracious promise; and Joan, albeit good and pious, and in other matters not lacking in charity, hath not been disposed to soften thy misdoubting of His Grace. I thank God our sweet mother hath been taken to her rest

ere these fears and dark surmisings came to cloud our hopes of a happy and glorious reign."

"I say Amen to thy words. Methinks the 'Rose without a thorn' will prove prickly enow, and pierce many an unsuspecting hand. 'Tis no use disguising from thee, Alwyn, that, since His Grace sent thee on thy mission to France, the course of events here in England has fallen out but badly. My Lord Cardinal of York, meseems, hath played a sorry part in breaking off this Mistress Boleyne's marriage contract with Lord Percy. 'Tis true, they say the King commanded him urgently to this end, yet must he have foreseen he was but strengthening the temptation in his master's way."

"Alack, evil counsellors are never wanting to a King. His Grace hath been ill-advised, I dare be sworn! Pray God he may see the danger that lieth before him! His own noble nature and the prayers of his holy Queen will come to his help. How sore must be the trial of that most gracious and saintly lady!"

"Sore, in truth! She keepeth herself in much retirement. How can she come across the woman who proudly flaunteth the honours the King hath heaped on her, and who hath already severed those whom God hath joined together? But 'tis idle to talk of these foul practices, and hard to keep in patience and charity while we see the triumph of the wicked. Come thou home with me, Alwyn,

and see Joan and the boy. Thou wilt marvel to note how vastly the little knave hath grown. Shall we take a boat without further parley?"

"An thou wilt. I did but tarry the night with a worthy gentleman who journeyed with me, meaning to visit thee and Joan in the morning. I doubted not to meet thee somewhere by Westminster. By this time thou should'st be a lawyer of no mean repute."

"Were I not dwarfed by the greatness of More, and others, and . . . . Ho, there, waterman! A boat!"

As the boatman drew up towards the bank at the call of Sir John, he and his companion seated themselves in the boat with instructions to row towards the Temple stairs. They only interchanged a few words now and then on indifferent topics, for Sir Alwyn Ferrers was troubled and depressed, and the subject on which he would most willingly have spoken was one that could not prudently be alluded to in the hearing of the boatman.

Long since, a dread misgiving had seized upon Alwyn that the hero of his youthful worship was not what he had so enthusiastically deemed him to be. It could scarcely be otherwise with a young man of pure life and high-souled faith. Day by day there came before him deeds and words at which he shuddered, close his ears and turn away his thoughts as he might. The bitterly disappointing convic-

tion would force itself upon him against his will, that the image of gold had, after all, but feet of clay—that the staff on which he had thought to lean was proving but a broken reed, that would even wound the hand that trusted to it.

Alwyn was so absorbed in his own disturbing thoughts that he noticed nothing of the scene around him, which Sir John was watching with great interest. It was not so gay a spectacle as that which had met their eyes years ago. It was but the ordinary traffic of the river, yet it was a bright and busy show with the painted barges passing swiftly by each other, the watermen in their gay liveries, the lighters laden with various goods that would be unloaded at some of the wharves, and the numberless swans sailing past in their stately dignity on the shining river.

The two Knights were at length put on shore, and made their way up the water stairs, into a garden fragrant with spring flowers. On entering the house, they found Joan seated in the deep recess of the bay window By her side stood a man of middle height, with brown hair, brown beard, blue eyes and a fresh ruddy complexion, who was conversing earnestly with her; while little Jack Fetherston, a child of five, was clinging to his gown and trying to attract his notice to a small black puppy he was holding up to him.

Joan came forward to welcome her brother, and her companion turned also to greet him with a frank pleased smile.

"Sir Thomas More!" exclaimed Alwyn, "a right welcome meeting! 'Tis long since we parted at Greenwich at His Grace's palace of Placentia. Of late I have been an exile, and for many months have not even seen Joan, nor this little rogue. Truly he hath grown apace!"

"Thou shalt hear anon, dear brother, of the progress he hath made in learning," observed Joan, with a well pleased smile. "But now, Jack, since thou hast embraced thy father, run quickly to Jennifer and take thy little pet with thee. If thou be a good varlet, thou shalt see thy uncle again at noon."

When the child was gone, his elders, after a few general remarks began to talk of the all-absorbing topic of the day —the King's proposed divorce. Alwyn would fain have discredited the report, but he had too often heard mention of it abroad, as well as since his return to England, to be able to set it down as idle rumour, and he could not fail to be disquieted.

Even Sir Thomas More, with his bright gay temperament, looked serious as the subject was broached, but when Alwyn asked his opinion he answered gravely; "I am no theologian, Sir Alwyn, albeit in my own mind, ever since the matter hath been under dispute, I have misliked

the whole drift of it. If I wist what would come of it! I confess I know not. Would to God it might all be settled to His glory; but alack, I fear me these ominous signs are as that little cloud like a man's hand that rose out of the sea, and presently the heavens grew dark and the storm burst. Nay, good friends, look not so grave, there is One who can say 'Peace, be still!' to every tempest, rage as it may."

"Aye, God be praised!" answered Sir John, "but we are apt to fear for ourselves while the storm lasts, shame on our little faith! Methinks the greater trial is, when those who should be on the right side take the wrong."

"Even as my Lord Cardinal of York doth seem to favour the proposed divorce," observed Joan.

"At the first he did not," replied Sir Thomas, "then, when he changed his mind, it was not that Mistress Boleyne should occupy the place of the Queen, but that His Grace should wed with the King of France's sister."

"And so advance his own interests. 'Tis ambition that hath misled this proud priest," said Sir John sternly, "the craving of my Lord of York hath ever been for wealth and power."

"Aye, power, truly—and wealth—yet not to hoard, but to spend magnificently. What noble buildings he hath reared, witness his palace of Hampton Court, which, as a king, he hath given to the King. Think of his patronage

of learning, the help he hath afforded to many a poor scholar, and best of all, his open-handed charity to the destitute and afflicted! A great soul, a great mind, able to grasp every subject that cometh before him, be it large or small, high or low."

"I beseech you, Sir Thomas, think not that I undervalue the virtues of the Cardinal, but, owning him to be so great a man, it grieveth me sore that he doth not use his talents for the cause of right and justice in this vexed question."

"In faith, I am with you in the same thought. 'Twould be for the deliverance of his own soul which be in dire peril from his pride and ambition. One day, perchance, God may give him, in recompense for his many good deeds, and in answer to the prayers of those whom he has helped in their need, the grace of a deep repentance. As matters stand now, I misdoubt that he could do aught to retrieve the wrong, or that any man, or an angel from heaven, could move the royal will when once set on a desired object."

"No man dare say him nay," observed Alwyn quickly, "albeit, had His Grace but some pious, and prudent counsellor, he might be led to see how ill-advised is the course on which men say he is bent, and which, since you are all so troubled on that point, I must needs think something more that the idle talk erewhile I deemed it to be."

"I would it were but idle talk, Sir Alwyn," replied

More, "I fear me there come dark days not only for the gracious lady who is so wronged, but, I trow, for all of us and for our country. Albeit, all is well, since God holdeth the hearts of kings in His hand. What say you, Sir John, shall we toward Westminster? Yet were I loath to take you from your sweet lady and Sir Alwyn."

"Nay, Sir Thomas," said Joan, answering for her husband, "I would fain have some converse with my brother after his long absence, and John will come to us as soon as he leaveth the Hall."

Sir John laughed, as he put his arm through that of Sir Thomas, "Come, Master More, let us not tarry, since I may go with a good excuse. Alwyn hath his traveller's tales to tell, and thou, sweetheart, wilt not be so lonely till I come back to supper."

Joan smiled as her husband kissed her, and Sir Thomas with kindly courtesy bade her and Alwyn farewell. She looked after them as they passed down the garden to the water stairs, and as she turned towards her brother she noticed that he was regarding her keenly.

"I mark, dear Joan, that thou art still happy in thy daily life; nay, I ween, even happier than when I left thee. Never did I fear that thou would'st not be so, with John Fetherston for thy husband and protector."

Joan's eyes brightened as she answered, "In truth thou sayest well: I would that all poor women had so good a

man. I marvel often at the mercy of God, when I mind me with what coldness and disdain I was wont, in the old days, to treat my dearest John, even when in my secret heart I thought he had no peer. In sooth, I marvel too how he bore with me, never wavering in his love."

"'Tis the most steadfast and faithful soul I ever knew," said Alwyn, "one in whose words and deeds we may rest secure, in these days too, when men seem so shifty and unstable, swayed by every passing wind of passion or self-interest. Of some men it is hard to credit that they should thus decline. O Joan, Joan, that it should come to this! How are the mighty fallen! Well might David say, 'Put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man, for there is no help in them.'"

III.

THE DARKENING NIGHT.

"THE setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection—itself, a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. Then the stars arise, and the night is holy."

Thus wrote a poet of these later days, but it is the expression of a truth for all ages.

To Alwyn Ferrers the night had come. The bright dream of youth, the high hopes of manhood, had vanished; but the night was holy, for the stars of eternal hope were gleaming with a radiance beyond that of the noon-tide.

In a gloomy prison cell in the Tower, Sir Alwyn Ferrers was reclining on his low pallet, half asleep. He had no longer been able to read, for though it was scarcely past sunset the narrow barred window let in but little light. The darkness and close atmosphere on this sultry August evening had made him drowsy, when he was suddenly

aroused by the withdrawing of the bolts and the turning of the key in the door of the dungeon. He started up to listen, wondering what could be the meaning of this disturbance, for the gaoler never came near him after six in the evening when he brought him his scanty supper.

The heavy door creaked on its hinges, and a gruff voice was heard saying "By your leave, Sir Alwyn, here be some one asking to see you."

Alwyn then became aware of a figure standing in the doorway, closely muffled in a cloak and with a hat drawn low over his brow. In the dull gloom of the cell it was impossible to discern any features, even if they had not been so carefully concealed, but the height, the stalwart build, the noble bearing of the stranger were so familiar, that Alwyn's heart seemed to stop with a sudden shock of nameless apprehension. He felt as though he were in the presence of some sharp temptation, and he breathed a silent prayer for help and grace.

The door was closed, the bolts once more shot into their place, before the strange visitor spoke, in a voice that, disguised as it was, thrilled through Alwyn's very heart.

"You are ill-lodged, Sir Alwyn, for a man of your state. What frenzy doth possess you, that you seek not to change it?"

"There is no right way, Sir, open to me for any

change," answered Alwyn, "I have chosen my lot, and by God's grace I will even abide in it to the end."

"This is folly!" returned the other angrily; "utter folly and madness. Why cast away life, wealth, and honour, for an idle scruple, an over-strained nicety of conscience, when a mere stroke of the pen would set you free and make all things well."

"Nay, rather all would be ill!"

"Time was, when you would have denied nothing to your King,—when you would readily have given your life up for him."

"As I would now," rejoined Alwyn earnestly, "His Grace hath ever been my good and gracious Lord, and heretofore would have required naught of me that my conscience must have denied."

"Conscience! 'Tis little that we—— that the King doth ask of thee, but to sign the oath. But if not, thou knowest full well that two days hence thy head will not be on thy shoulders. There is one who would spare thee, who hath loved thee as a friend, one with whom thou hast grown up rather as a brother than as a subject."

And as he spoke the stranger laid his hand on Alwyn's shoulder. The friendly pressure, the familiar gesture, brought back a rush of memories that caused a strange sharp pang of actual physical pain. Alwyn shrank from the touch, as though the fingers had been of fire.

The movement was not unnoticed, for the stranger withdrew his hand, saying, "Have these ties of olden times passed from your memory, Sir Alwyn, and are they nothing to you?"

"Rather do they ever bide with me, as a pleasant dream from which there hath been a rude awakening. I forget not what I owe to His Grace, my true devoir, my loving gratitude, but now it hath so fallen out that there be question for the King or for God, and I cannot waver in my spiritual allegiance."

His visitor turned abruptly to the door, but paused to ask, "Is this your final resolve?"

"None other, Sir, come what may."

"Thou art a fool, a base, ingrate fool!" was the fierce reply, "and I also am naught but a fool for my pains." With that, the speaker struck the door violently with his clenched fist. It was opened, and he was gone. Alwyn listened to the fastening of the bolts and the sound of the departing footsteps as they died away along the passage. Then he sank upon his knees, faint and exhausted after the deadly struggle of nature against grace.

He had given the whole-hearted love and hero-worship of his youth to the King, who had been for him "My guide and my familiar." Those words haunted him; then, like sweet music lulling him to sleep came another verse of the same psalm, "Cast thy care upon the Lord,

and He shall sustain thee ; He will not suffer the just to waver for ever."

The next day rose dark and gloomy, with clouded sky and heavy sultry heat, and through the drizzling rain and lowering mist, a boat put out from the Temple stairs. The watermen bore the badge of the Fetherstons on their sleeves, and in the boat was a lady whose hood was drawn closely round her face. At her side was a boy of twelve, holding her hand tightly in his, while on the opposite bench was a man of middle age with knitted brow and firm set lips. No word passed between them, but when the gloomy fortress of the Tower came within sight, the boy grasped his mother's hand almost convulsively and made a half articulate exclamation. The boat was stayed at the postern gate, and the three passengers got out, passing in at the low entrance, where after various formalities and some tedious delay they were led along several dark passages to the door of a cell, where the gaoler withdrew the bolts, and when they were well within, carefully fastened them again.

Sir Alwyn Ferrers started up with an eager cry, as he clasped his sister in his arms. "Why, Joan, most dearest, I scarce had thought ever to see thee again in this world. And my most faithful friend and brother, and

my good nephew Jack! What hath wrought this grace?"

"The good offices of my Lord of Norfolk," answered Sir John Fetherston, "to whom I made instant petition that we might all see thee once again, though he doubted much that he could gain permission for more than one. Albeit, after some difficulty he did prevail with His Grace, and obtained even further concessions. On account of thy rank and former services, thou wilt not——" Sir John's voice faltered, and broke off with what sounded like a sob.

Alwyn grasped his hand, and said smilingly, "Then, like our old friend Sir Thomas More for a like grace, I shall have reason to say, 'God preserve my friends from any more of the King's favours.' Sit down beside me, Joan, and grieve not; I may almost dare to say, with the same good Sir Thomas, 'I thank our Lord the field is won.' Albeit, I do well to distrust myself. Last night there came to me so sore a temptation, that I would fain hope the evil one hath put forth his last toils."

"Is it aught that we may hear, sweet brother?" asked Joan, and as Alwyn told of the strange visitor of the previous night, she clasped her hands round his arm, while Jack, with wondering eyes, leant against his father's shoulder, trying with a boy's disdain of tears to choke down the inclination to cry.

Sir John stood with his back against the wall, listening

with the deepest interest, and as Alwyn ceased speaking he asked, "Dost surely think it was the King?"

"An it were not he, 'twas the foul fiend in his likeness."

"Uncle," said Jack eagerly, "thou mightest have known by the manner of his going. Did he vanish through the wall?"

"Nay, fair nephew, he knocked lustily on the door, for the gaoler to open, so thou seest 'twas no ghostly form. Thus, God be thanked, the temptation passed. Mind thee, Jack, there be but one King unchangeable, the same for ever, the only One worthy of allegiance. In faith, my soul hath an exceeding longing for the courts of His house, all unworthy as I be!"

"Hast thou had the help of any ghostly father?" inquired Joan, "or hath all such comfort been denied thee?"

"I have been confessed, albeit the holy Housel, I fear me, cannot be my strengthening for the last journey. Yet will God supply. By the tender mercy of our Lord, I look to see the King in His beauty, and you all, nearest and dearest, will pray for me. But enow of myself. What of thy plans, John?"

"They are already matured. When we have no longer aught to keep us here, I take Joan and the boy to Paris. All hath been arranged by the good offices of the envoy,

and the Archbishop of Paris, to whom I once had the occasion of being of service, urgeth very warmly, and hath offered me a post in his household; while Jack, when he is older, can go to Douay, to Doctor Allen's Seminary. The times here are growing so evil, I could no longer practise in our Courts. Corruption hath begun at the fountain head, and all the streams are becoming poisoned."

"Oh, what more dismal sight than grace and nature to strive together, and grace be worsted in the fight! God send it be not so with me! I pray that out of the ashes of my foolish earthly hopes, there may rise, like the phoenix, the heavenly fruition of eternal joy. A man hath, full oft, had reason to bless the heaviest cross in this life, as the means of salvation. Methinks my lord of York, God rest his soul, had a nobler and a happier life after his disgrace than in the midst of his lordly wealth and power."

"'Twas a deep and thorough penitence," said Sir John, "one must needs hope it found acceptance with Him Who breaketh not the bruised reed. 'Tis borne upon me most strongly that Wolsey was taken out of the way of a subtle temptation by which he would have been made his master's tool in the breach with Rome which now doth threaten us so nearly."

"Belike; 'twas a cruel and subtle snare. I marvel

oft-times that so signal an honour hath come to me, to follow so quickly in the footsteps of the saintly Bishop of Rochester, and our good Master More, and for the very same cause—to maintain the supremacy of Peter."

"In that thou art indeed happy, dear brother," said Joan, "though we shrink from that last bitter throe for thee."

"A sharp end, but a short one; think not of it; I had liefer you looked beyond."

"To our happy meeting," rejoined Sir John, "but now, good my brother, if thou hast wish or want of any kind that I can fulfil for thee, I pray thee delay not the asking. I have bribed the gaoler with a few gold pieces, yet he warned me that our visit must be brief."

"He hath a kindly heart, albeit a rough, rude manner," said Alwyn, "methinks he will leave us as long as he safely can. 'Tis another cause for thankfulness, that I have not had a harsh, cruel keeper. But of my wishes and wants, dear John, I have none, save that you will all keep my poor soul in your prayers. It must have been farewell one day, dear Joan, so thou wilt bear it, though it come sooner than thou didst count. God bless thee and speed thee, sweet one. God be with thee, dear John, and my brave little Jack!"

There was a last tender embrace, and Jack whispered

into his uncle's ear: "Pray that I may come back and be a martyr priest," while his father said in the same low tone, "I will be at thy side, Alwyn, in the morn."

Alwyn started, and the colour came into his pale cheek; "No, no," he said vehemently, "it must not be: I shall not be alone; God, and my Angel, Our Lady and the Saints will surely be with me in that last passage; but not thou, John, save in spirit."

"Say me not nay," answered Sir John, firmly, "I have the necessary pass: give thee good day till then; I hear footsteps."

The gaoler was already at the half-open door; one last clasp of the hand, and Alwyn was left alone.

The day was clearing when Sir John with his wife and boy again entered the boat, the mist was rolling away before the powerful rays of the sun, and the river once more looked bright and shining. The scene was not out of harmony with their feelings; it bore an image of the clearing of the clouds and mists of earth before the light of heaven, and Alwyn's words and demeanour had already cheered rather than saddened them. There had been the brightness of hope in their parting with him, and here, too, was a cheerful aspect of the old city which they were soon to see no more. No finer prospect of it was to be had from the river's bank. There were landmarks then for which now we look in vain, because the sacrilegious

hands of the spoilers of that age have been laid upon them. There was the tower of Whitefriars, so soon to be secularized, and the Chapter house given as a residence for the King's physician, Dr, Bates, after the friars had been driven out to seek shelter where they could, or to starve. And there was Blackfriars, in the great hall of which Cardinals Campeggio and Wolsey had sat on the question of the King's divorce; and in that very place—strange retribution—the Parliament had later assembled for the condemnation of Wolsey. Then, nearer home, there was to be seen the avenue of fragrant limes in the Middle Temple, and close to their place of landing the Temple gardens were glowing with the roses that called up memories of that other ill-fated age, when there the two angry lords plucked the blossoms that were to be the badges of a cruel war.

But still brighter dawned the morning when, leaving Joan and Jack at their prayers, Sir John Fetherston was rowed once more to the Tower. The sun shone out gloriously as Sir Alwyn Ferrers was led forth from his prison, to the Tower Green, looking as though the brightness and youth of his life had come back to him. Sir John walked by his side, true to his resolve to be with him at the last. One brief earnest farewell; and then, as the headsman stepped back a few paces to take his aim, and the shining edge of the axe glittered in the sunlight,

low and distinct, from the kneeling figure at the block, came the words :

"In Thee O Lord have I hoped, let me never be confounded."

ST. SIMON STOCK
(1164-1265)

By Mrs. FRANZ LIEBICH

Simon Stock was born of English parents in 1164, at Harford, an old castle situated in Kent and since demolished.

Some of his biographers have contended that he owed the appellation of *Stock* to the fact that he lived for many years in the hollow trunk of a large tree; but in the *Acta Sanctorum* it is stated that both his ancestors and their descendants have borne the name of Stock, and that it is therefore a family name.

The word is employed in an infinite number of senses, such as the "stock" of a gun, "stock" in trade, "stock" dove, the village "stocks," the "stocks" or public funds; it has numberless other synonyms. It will be found that each separate example carries with it an idea of *fixedness*. Thus, the stock of a gun is that in which the barrel is fixed; the village stocks are those in which the feet are fastened; the stock in trade is the fixed capital; the stock of a tree is fast set in the ground. They are all derived from and were originally the past participle of "to stick," which as it now makes "stuck" made formerly "stock."

The mists of ages have obscured the reasons by which the family of Simon Stock came by their old English patronymic. But it is left for modern biographers of the staunch old Saxon Saint to show how his life was a practical illustration of his name, and how those who fixedly follow the injunctions given him by the Queen

of Heaven can gain the gift of eternal predestination, and so fix their attention unreservedly on the certainty of the life beyond the grave.

Born in the tenth year of the sovereignty of the second Henry, Simon Stock lived well-nigh through the reigns of four English kings; for he saw those of Richard Cœur de Lion and of John in their entirety, and his death took place seven years before the close of the reign of Henry III.

Previous to the birth of Simon, his pious mother had placed herself under the special care of the Queen of Heaven, and from the moment he drew breath the little Simon was consecrated to the Blessed Mother of God. This beautiful old custom has been much revived in our days. It is a most efficacious means of sanctifying child-birth and childhood, and there are numberless instances to show how meritorious it is in the eyes of God, and how in after life such children have been given special graces and favours through the intercession of their tender and loving Patroness. In most cases the little ones are vested with the colours of Our Lady; and until at least their seventh year are habitually dressed in white, or blue and white.

It is not recorded whether the little Simon was so clothed; but knowing, as we do, how thoroughly our ancient forefathers were impregnated with the beautiful poetic symbolism of the Church, we may well imagine that the zealous mother of St. Simon would have followed the graceful tradition, and have arrayed her youngest born in the white and sapphire hues of heaven.

Almost the first sounds that fell on Simon's ear were those of the Hail Mary. His mother had a most ardent devotion to that simple and exquisite prayer, and her lips would never tire of repeating it. Long before the mystic words had any meaning for him, Simon would endeavour to lisp them, and great was his mother's satisfaction on hearing her favourite prayer recited by her little son.

Simon learnt to read almost as soon as he could speak, and following his mother's example he daily recited the

Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. Observing with what assiduity his father used the psalter, he begged to be given a copy of the book. On obtaining his wish, he would spend long hours on his knees, conning over the words of the Royal Psalmist. Those around began to observe with astonishment the wonders of grace displayed by the precocious child of seven; and many repeated the words of the inhabitants of Judea on beholding St. John the Baptist, "What a one, think ye, shall this child be?" The father of Simon took the keenest interest in directing his studies, but it soon became evident that the clever boy needed a deeper course of instruction than could be gained at home, and the question of sending him to a school at Oxford began to be debated by his parents.

Meanwhile a course of events, in which the controlling hand of God was manifest, deterred Simon for a time, at least, from the pursuit of secular sciences and arts.

It is important to pause at this juncture in the life of our Saint, and make a few reflections before entering on a part of his career teeming with marvels and strange actions.

There have been "child prodigies" many and various, "Wunderkinder" the Germans call them. Some have done wonders in the world of music, such as the tiny Mozart; others, like the young peasant painter Jean François Millet, in the world of art. There have also been numberless wonder-children in the art of holiness. They are named among the Saints of God. Such were, amongst many, St. Agnes, St. Rose of Viterbo, St. Aloysius Gonzaga, St. Simon Stock. The child-artists who cherished and developed the talents and gifts entrusted to them became great men, because they invariably made perfection in their several arts their highest ideal; the child-saints looked beyond all gifts to the giver, and rose beyond the contemplation of created objects, to seek and find their ideal of perfection in the great Creator of all things. Thus we read of many marvels in the childhood of the Saints; marvels that may even tax our credulity. It is well, therefore, to remember that the wisdom of the

Saints is different from "the wisdom of the world"; and that the "Science of the Saints" is not contained "in learned words of human wisdom, but in the doctrine of the Spirit comparing spiritual things with spiritual." While yet of tender age St. Simon Stock received the "spirit that is of God." And so when one day he chanced across a treatise on the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady, he was filled with such intense wonder and admiration for the beautiful virtue of purity that he resolved to consecrate his virginity to God.

He set himself at once to acquire perfect purity of heart, watching over his least imperfections, guarding his eyes and all his senses from every occasion of sin. He eagerly watched for opportunities to exercise the virtue of mortification, refusing to take any of the delicate food that was set before him, and preferring to make his repasts off the coarser vegetables and fruits that came to table, substituting bread for meat, and using water for his only drink.

A gracious picture of St. Simon presents itself to the imagination at this period of his career. The saintly little English boy who eventually attained the good old age of 101 must have shown signs of hale and hearty health in his childish years. So one thinks of him as active and merry —"in his heart the birds and the sunshine, in his thoughts the brooklet's flow." Flitting to and fro among the shady groves and alleys of his beautiful Kentish home, one imagines him frequently pausing in the delight of playing amid the flowers to linger at his gentle mother's knee, there to unite his childish accents to hers in prayer and praise. Thus the exquisite verses of the "Song of the Three Children," which he recited daily in the Little Office, sank deep into Simon's heart, and prepared his mind and intelligence for the long solitary communings with Nature and Nature's God so soon to follow; and the beautiful words of the III. Lesson at Matins of the same Office, helped to inspire some of the fervent poetry addressed by him in later life to the Mother of God.

Guarded and sheltered as he was in his Kentish home, gently nurtured by a loving mother, and carefully trained by a pious father, Simon nevertheless had to encounter a system of persecution devised for him with almost fiendish malignity by his elder brother.

The older boy was a striking contrast, by reason of his insubordinate and rebellious nature, to the gentle, tractable Simon. The purity, truth, and sweetness of the latter threw into stronger relief the sullenness, deceit, and disobedience of the former. The one was a continual grief and trouble to his parents; the other a constant comfort and blessing. The elder made himself disliked by those around him; the younger was beloved by everybody. It naturally followed that Simon became an object of detestation and hatred to his pugnacious brother. A course of bullying ensued, in which the fertile imagination of the jealous, hard-hearted boy had full play. Simon's childlike innocence was angelic; no amount of malignant temptation availed to soil it; ridicule left his piety undisturbed; persistent teasing failed to ruffle his temper or to distract him from his prayers; contempt and insults elicited no answering retorts. Exasperated beyond measure by his victim's meekness, the elder boy proceeded to use physical violence, and, gaining in cruelty by each fresh attempt to gratify his spite and malice, he at last succeeded in making Simon's life utterly unendurable; at the same time he redoubled his temptations against holy purity.

Too loyal and brave to appeal to others for protection and thus to get his wicked brother punished, Simon at last began to flinch from the daily persecution to which he was exposed, and to dread and fear the impure insinuations continually poured into his unwilling ears. His pluck was proof against blows and bruises—he could have continued to bear them patiently; but his pure, delicate, sensitive nature recoiled with horror from the loathly hints and suggestions conveyed to him by his malignant little tempter. In his anguish of mind and fear of offending against his

favourite virtue, Simon resolved to flee from temptation and at any cost to regain peace of mind and soul.

Though it is not recorded among the too scanty annals of the Saint's life that he had read the accounts of the lives of the early hermits, it may well be presumed that either from the lips of his parents and pastors, or from written accounts conned and pondered over, Simon had gained a knowledge of the habits and ways of the solitaries of the desert. Or it may be that God inspired the future General of the Carmelites and "led him into the wilderness," there to prepare and train his mind ere he embraced in later life the austere rule drawn up on the slopes of Carmel for the scattered dwellers in its caves. At all events He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" helped the sorely-distressed child of twelve to withdraw himself from the temptations and cruelties practised on him by his brother, and imbued him with strength and fortitude to live for several years in the solitude of what was in those days a vast forest stretching from Kent into many of the surrounding counties.

It is to legends only that we can refer for this period of our Saint's life. How much or how little truth there is in them it is impossible to say. The tradition has been handed down, and for its beauty is worth preserving.

Taking with him a crucifix, a little statue of Our Lady, and his beloved psalter, Simon made his abode in the hollow trunk of an old tree. Roots, herbs, and wild fruits gave him sustenance; a stream which flowed close to his habitation supplied his drink. It is related by the Bollandists that a dog occasionally visited him and brought him bread. It is within the bounds of probability, and may well be imagined, that this faithful canine friend was one of the pets or sporting dogs from his father's home; which, partly by instinct and partly by scent, had discovered his little master's retreat.

Simon, delivered from the continual pitfalls of malice to which he had been exposed by his brother, gave himself

with renewed assiduity to peaceful meditation and prayer, and determined to remain long in his tranquil solitude. He soon, however, discovered the difficulties that beset his path. His spirit quailed before the awful silence which enveloped him. Nature revealed herself in her many myriad moods. Gentle breezes and genial sunshine were succeeded by furious storms and blasting tempests; the comforting warmth of summer by the piercing cold of winter. Undaunted, the brave boy prayed for greater strength, and remained firm in his resolution to live a hermit's life.

Then began worse trials than those of wind and weather. Simon's conscience reproached him for leading such an extraordinary life: he thought of his mother and her sheltering love; of his home, his childish joys and pleasures; of the accusations which would undoubtedly assail his brother, and of the punishments probably meted out to him for his jealousy; yet, notwithstanding, he wavered not, and only renewed the consecration of himself to God, withdrawing himself further into the solitude, where alone he could remain pure and sinless.

But St. Simon had yet to learn the power of the Evil One and to acquire the knowledge that not even in desert places can man flee from his own fallen nature.

Years came and went, and brought with them still stronger temptations. The subtle whispers of the devil roused the growing lad's latent passions; his brother's evil hints and insinuations repeated themselves in his ear; vain fancies rose before his mind: the remembrance of the temptations into which he had been thrown; the words that he had heard—all these retraced themselves before his startled imagination. The trial was great and heavy. Simon prayed, he supplicated heaven, he called again and again on the sweet name of Mary; then, like another St. Antony, he flung himself into a bed of thorns and nettles, and by physical pain and suffering vanquished his senses and subdued his body.

In after life he told his companions in the cloister, that by the special protection of the Blessed Virgin he obtained strength to overcome his temptations, and by the continual thought of her immaculate purity kept himself free from sin. Peace finally became his portion—the peace that comes to those who have fought and vanquished.

The gentle, serious boy grew, in spite of the rigours of his life in the Kentish forest, to strong healthy manhood. In his solitude he was favoured by a vision of the Blessed Virgin, and was inspired by her direct illumination to quit his wooded retreat and to betake himself to Oxford, there to study and prepare for a life of activity in the service of God and men. At the same time she made known to him the existence of an Order of men especially consecrated to her, who would come from the East and take up their abode in England; and she intimated that he should join them on their arrival, and adopt their Rule.

Not without certain pangs of regret did St. Simon leave his forest home. The gnarled and aged trees which had afforded him shade and shelter, the cool glades and mossy banks, the long aisles of wooded verdure, the myriad wild flowers and trailing creepers, the murmuring brooks and twittering birds—one and all had endeared themselves to the gentle hermit, and their several influences had sunk deep into his soul.

He had learned the book of Nature by heart—henceforth he was to study and master the books of men, and so pass on to the knowledge of humanity itself.

In his long years of prayer, fasting, and communing with God, he had gained an entire mastery over himself and stores of intelligence with regard to heavenly things; as well as a complete knowledge of the workings of his own mind and soul. And now this knowledge was to be turned to practical account and to be used for the benefit of others and for the glory of God. St. Simon, therefore, rejoined his parents, then residing in Oxford, and began a course of studies with the view of entering the priesthood.

At the close of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century very little of the present architecture of Oxford was to be seen. There was the castle and the spire of St. Frideswide's Priory, surrounded, not as now with graceful colleges, but with the humble straw-thatched cottages of its citizens. Between the city and village of Abingdon a great forest stretched its leafy way, and was inhabited by wolves and wild boars. "At Oseney, by Oxford, among the isles that Isis river makyth," the finest abbey of the kingdom reared its two grand towers on high. It belonged to the secular canons of the Order of St. Augustine, "being such," observes Wood, "as were most fit for a University, and not bound to keep the cloister as regulars are." Wood speaks of the priory of Oseney as "one of the first ornaments and wonders of the place and nation in those days."

The famous Tom of Oxford, which tolls nightly at nine o'clock, was the bell in its clock tower, and the "merry Christ Church bells" rang out long ago from its twin towers. Pleasant walks led from the stately quadrangle and the abbot's house to the other islets where the two orders of Mendicant Friars, the Dominicans and Franciscans, had established themselves.

The name of St. Frideswide carries us back to the eighth century. For in the year 727 her father, who bore the name of Didan, "ruled over a large portion of the city of Oxford with dignity and honour." The post was similar to that of governor or provost: "subregulus," he was called. Frideswide having received an excellent religious education from a woman of eminent sanctity, embraced the monastic life and induced many other friends and companions to follow her example. At the death of his wife Saffrida, Didan resolved to build within the precincts of the city a convent and church to her memory. He dedicated it to St. Mary and All Saints, and made over the foundation to his daughter Frideswide. This church was henceforth known by the name of St. Mary of Oxford, "prope Tame-

sin," or "on the Thames." The present college of Christ Church stands on the site of the convent.[1] Thus a woman's name is for ever associated with the rudiments of the great University at Oxford.

St. Frideswide died in 740 and was buried in her own church, but even before her death Ethelbald, king of Mercia, in whose territory Oxford lay, constructed certain inns in the vicinity of St. Mary's church which were used as places of education in connection with the sacred edifice.

In the beginning of the thirteenth century, at the time St. Simon Stock was a student at Oxford, the convent of St. Frideswide had become a priory. The prior and community were reckoned among the most learned and scientific persons of the times, and much honour was paid to their sainted patroness.

Oxford was not then, as now, the peaceful abode of learning, where an old-world calm reigns supreme. Serious quarrels and tumults between hostile parties of students were of frequent occurrence; and often as not they were attended with loss of life to the combatants.

St. Simon, however, pursued his studies with regular assiduity, and kept aloof from the more noisy throng of students. After a profound course of theology and deep study of the Holy Scriptures he was ordained, and shortly after his ordination he returned to his solitude in a part of the vast forest adjoining the neighbourhood of Oxford. Though he had outwardly resumed his hermit life, he no longer lived in complete isolation apart from his fellows. He made frequent visits to Oxford for the purpose of preaching and exhorting others to virtue, and spared himself no fatigue in his zeal to carry the Word of God wherever his efforts were needed.

In 1207 the protracted quarrel between King John and Innocent III. with reference to the nomination of the Archbishop of Canterbury by the monks of St. Augustine was causing great scandal in the land. St. Simon's gentle

[1] Card. Newman, *Mediæval Oxford* (Essays).

heart was grieved beyond measure by the king's disloyalty to the Holy See. He redoubled his zeal and prayers for his beloved country, and caused the *Alma Redemptoris Mater* to be recited frequently and with fervour by those around him, for the speedy conversion of the king.

Some writers attribute the composition of this antiphon to St. Simon; but whether of his composing or not, it is certain that he placed strong belief in the efficacy of the beautiful prayer. His piety was rewarded by the return of the king to his allegiance to the Holy See, and the nomination of Stephen Langton to the See of Canterbury.

About this time it became known to St. Simon that two English noblemen had returned from the Crusades accompanied by some hermits from Mount Carmel, whom they had induced to come and settle in England and found a branch of their Order. Remembering the words pronounced by the Blessed Virgin to him in vision, St. Simon at once proceeded to find these solitaries and to beg them to allow him to adopt their Rule. Owing to the disturbed state of the kingdom it was deemed impossible to found regular monastic establishments for these newly arrived sons of Carmel. Acting on St. Simon's advice, they repaired to the Kentish forest, where they built a hermitage and settled therein, calling themselves a community of hermits. Upwards of twenty years later, in 1238, they were enabled, by the bounty of John, Lord Vesey, and Richard, Lord Gray of Codnor, to found their first monasteries, one at Alnwick in Northumberland, the other at Aylesford in Kent.

Meanwhile the authorities at Oxford, hearing that St. Simon had joined the new Order of hermits from the East, sent pressing invitations to him to come once again to the University, there to receive his degree. With his usual humility the Saint was preparing to refuse the proffered honour. His superiors insisted, however, on his acceptance. Under obedience, St. Simon directed

his steps to Oxford, stayed the prescribed time, received the title of Doctor of Theology, and then returned to his beloved solitude.

Some few years later he again left it, this time to found the Friary at Alnwick, of which he was elected Superior.

St. Brocard, second General of the Carmelite Order, hearing of the great fervour of the solitaries of Mount Carmel in Northumberland, and especially of the eminent sanctity of their Superior, conferred on St. Simon the title of Vicar-General of the Order. This position gave him much power for good during the subsequent persecutions to which the Order was subjected both in Europe and in the East.

A slight glance at the origin and traditions of Our Blessed Lady's most ancient Order will help to a better understanding of the vicissitudes and subsequent glories through which it passed during the lifetime of St. Simon.

In the first instance, the name of the sacred mountain of Carmel carries the mind back far through the mists of ages. We find constant mention of it in the Holy Scriptures. Attached to it are invariably the ideas of comeliness, grace, and beauty. Thus Isaias speaks of "the excellency of Carmel": *Decor Carmeli data est ei. Caput tuum ut Carmelus:* "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel," says the Divine Bridegroom, celebrating the beauty of the spouse. The most commonly accepted signification of the word Carmel is, "Vineyard of the Lord"—excellent and blessed Vineyard.

The natural beauty of Mount Carmel is very great. Its sides are covered with olives and vines; fig, almond and apricot trees, wheat, barley, cotton-plant, lentils, and other cereals witness to the richness of its soil. Anemones, lilies, cyclamens, narcissi, wild roses, ranunculi, testify to the geniality of its climate; while aromatic and sweet-smelling plants of all kinds fill the surrounding air with exquisite perfume.

On the western side facing the sea the mountain is

honeycombed with grottoes. The most celebrated are those formerly inhabited by the prophets Elias and Eliseus. These two great prophets are the Patrons of the Carmelite Order, and to them and to their followers, who lived in the afore-mentioned caves, do the present friars of Mount Carmel trace their descent. This venerable tradition has been recognised by seven Popes—Sixtus IV., John XXII., Julius II., Gregory VIII., Sixtus V., and Clement VIII., who in their Bulls, speaking of the religious of the Order, express themselves thus: "They shine pre-eminently by their charity, like mirrors and models tracing their hereditary succession to the holy prophets Elias and Eliseus, and the other Fathers who lived on the holy mountain of Carmel near the fountain of Elias." Later, when the religious orders obtained permission from Benedict XIII. in 1725 to place the statues of their founders in the Vatican, the Pope himself composed the following inscription which is inscribed on the statue of St. Elias: *Universus ordo Carmelitarum Fundatori suo S. Eliae Prophetae erexit.* The statue stands between those of St. Dominic and St. Helena.

Several beautiful legends and traditions connect the sacred mount of Carmel with the name of Mary. There are no existing documents to prove them; they cannot be catalogued or indexed as historical facts. They are merely delicate flowers of thought and tradition, and they and many others are in danger of withering under the cold blasts of modern criticism. All those who love their fragile beauty should give them a sheltered corner in the garden of memory.

A local Syrian tradition tells that St. Joachim and St. Anne, parents of the Blessed Virgin, who died in Dio-Cesarea (Saphonrieh), possessed shelters on Mount Carmel erected for the benefit of the shepherds of their flocks. It is believed that occasionally they visited these habitations, and thus became known to the hermits on the holy mount.

Another legend traces the footsteps of Our Blessed Lady herself on to the perfumed slopes of Carmel. It tells of

how she sometimes conversed on sacred subjects with the holy hermits, and of how she revered them for the austerity and simplicity of their lives.

Tradition also recounts how Elias honoured the future Mother of God, and that Eliseus spoke of her to his disciples. This devotion of the children of the Old Law had its counterpart in the midst of the dense Gallic forests in the neighbourhood of what is now the celebrated cathedral town of Chartres. It is said the Druids raised, in one of their most solemn and mysterious sanctuaries, an altar on which was inscribed "*Virgini parituraе*"—"to the Virgin who will bring forth"; and a statue of a woman holding in her arms an infant stood on the altar.

The first name given to the community of hermits on Mount Carmel was that of "Order of the Prophets," so called from its founder St. Elias. Subsequently this title was changed to that of "Order of the Sons of the Prophets," of whom mention is made in the Books of Kings. In addition to the other religious virtues, holy obedience was practised. Father Benedict Zimmermann, O.D.C., in the Introduction to his book, *Carmel in England*, says that "St. John Chrysostom and St. Gregory Nazianzus, among others, did not hesitate to proclaim St. Elias the founder of religious life, and proposed him to their own disciples as a model to be carefully imitated.

"The principal objection raised against this theory," continues Father Benedict, "is that so little is known of the subsequent history of these 'Sons of the Prophets,' there being no further mention of them in Holy Scripture. However, Philo, Flavius Josephus, and Pliny, have introduced us to the sect of the Essenians, who also led a kind of religious life, and who have been identified by many writers as the lawful successors of the 'Sons of the Prophets'. . . . In the early centuries of Church history we find Mount Carmel one of the great places of pilgrimage, numerous 'graffiti' attesting the presence, and, at the same time, the devotion of pious pilgrims. From the

two Fathers mentioned above we learn that, in the fourth century, Mount Carmel was inhabited by hermits, whom the upholders of the tradition of the 'Sons of the Prophets' would consider as members of the Order. After that period nothing more is heard until the time of the Crusades, when some Frankish hermits settled for good on the sacred mountain, and applied to the then Patriarch of Jerusalem for a Rule of life, which to the present day is being observed by the monks and nuns of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The inroads of the Saracens becoming ever more frequent, and the power of the Christians dwindling away in the same proportion, the Carmelites were compelled to look for a shelter in Europe."

At the time when St. Simon Stock was nominated Vicar-General, the Order had extended greatly in the East, and also numbered foundations in Italy and in France as well as in England. Hitherto, and in spite of difficulties with the Saracens, it had flourished and prospered.

In the West, however, a violent persecution awaited it. Its persecutors, animated by hasty and injudicious zeal, and under pretext of attachment to the laws of the Church, demanded of Pope Honorius III. the entire suppression of the Order. Its existence they declared was in flagrant opposition to the decrees of the fourth Lateran Council, which had forbidden the formation of any new religious orders.

It had been deemed prudent to decree that those wishing to enter the monastic state should join one or other of the religious orders whose rule had been approved of prior to the Council. It was feared that any great diversity of rules and orders would create confusion in the Church.

The fact of St. Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem and Papal Legate, having confirmed and given the Rule to the Friars of Mount Carmel was entirely overlooked by those anxious for their suppression.

St. Simon hastened to collect all possible evidence in favour of the antiquity of his Order. He counselled special

prayers to be offered up in all the houses under his rule, and then sent messengers to Pope Honorius imploring him to give them a hearing. The Pope gave them a hearty welcome, and caused special commissioners to inquire into the facts and questions brought forward. Delays intervened, and injury thereby to the Carmelite cause. Finally the Pope declared that in a miraculous vision Our Blessed Lady had appeared to him and ordered him to approve and confirm the Carmelite Rule, and to protect the Order against the attacks of its enemies. By a special Bull bearing the date 30th January 1226, Honorius granted his full apostolic approbation to the Rule of St. Albert, and authorized the spread of the Order in Europe.

Great was the joy of St. Simon on receiving the news from Rome. Wishing to transmit to posterity the remembrance of the miraculous intervention of the Blessed Virgin, and to perpetuate the gratitude of the Order, he established the solemn Commemoration of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, which feast has been kept ever since on the 16th July, and to which the Church afterwards affixed that of the Confraternity of the Holy Scapular.

While, in the West, peace and calm had again become the portion of the holy Carmelite friars, relentless persecution continually harassed them in the East. Blessed Alan, at that time General of the Order, convoked a general Chapter on Mount Carmel, and requested St. Simon to be present. In spite of his threescore years and ten, the servant of God set forth with ardour on his journey. He had often longed to visit the Holy Mount of Carmel; there to retrace the footsteps of the holy family and to realize, even more deeply than he had already, the spirit and fervour of the holy prophet Elias.

At the Convocation, reasons for and against quitting Palestine and retreating from the persecution of the Saracens were brought forward. St. Simon overruled all objections to the further emigration of the Order into Europe, taking for his maxim that of the Gospel, 'If,

they persecute you in one city fly into another." The general dispersal of the Order was agreed upon, and the friars left their several monasteries in time to avoid the cruel attacks of the infidels. It was not, however, until twenty-six years after the death of St. Simon that the prophecy of Isaias seemed about to be renewed, and gladness to be taken away and joy from the afflicted Carmel.[1]

The Saracens then, after having taken possession of St. John Acre, where they put to death upwards of 30,000 Christians, proceeded to set fire to the famous monastery on Mount Carmel and massacred its inmates. The brave friars one and all died chanting the *Salve Regina*. But during St. Simon's stay in Palestine, Mount Carmel was sufficiently protected by the Christian army, and the Saint was able to spend six years in comparative peace. The grotto is still shown where, according to tradition, he passed his days in holy contemplation. His life resembled that of an angelic spirit.

So frail had become the chords that bound him to earth, in consequence of his extraordinary spirituality and austerity, that legends tell of his celestial visitors and of his miraculous nourishment.

The sweet gentle personality of St. Simon takes fresh embodiment in our minds from the Eastern traditions woven around his name. During those quiet meditative years his eyes must have often looked out across the sea from Carmel's grotto in the direction of the island home he had temporarily left. Frequent must have been the orisons and prayers offered up for the beloved country of his birth, and for the English Order of Carmel, just beginning to take growth within its shores.

The time at last drew near for St. Simon to return to his native land. A party of English nobles who had come on pilgrimage to the Holy Land were on the point of quitting Palestine when they heard of St. Simon's sojourn on

[1] And gladness and joy shall be taken away from Carmel, and there shall be no rejoicing nor shouting in the vineyards.—Isa. xvi. 10.

Mount Carmel. Guided by Providence, they offered him a passage home in their vessel, and extended a similar invitation to any friars who wished to accompany him. The offer was gratefully accepted by a large number of them, headed by Blessed Alan, their General. Together with St. Simon, they set sail and arrived, in spite of continual attacks by sea from the Saracens, safely in England. They proceeded at once to the newly erected monastery at Aylesford, where Blessed Alan resigned his office in favour of St. Simon, who was unanimously elected in his place.

Under the wise government of St. Simon the Order increased rapidly and spread itself in all directions. We have seen how the voice of calumny had been silenced on the Continent by Pope Honorius. At that time the infant Order in England had attracted little notice. But as it grew in strength and numbers it unwittingly courted the ever-ready eye of suspicion. To the conservative English mind of those days it appeared new-fangled and foreign. The friars boasted of Eastern origin. They were therefore dubbed the "Orientals." Their customs were looked upon as strange; their annals were considered pretentious. Both the religious orders and the secular priests voted for the suppression of the Order at all costs.

The lofty courage of St. Simon, which at the early age of twelve had refused to quail before the fancied terrors of the lonely Kentish forest, helped him to face unflinchingly the attacks of his countrymen against his beloved Order.

While unrest and passion surged around him the valiant octogenarian Saint stood firm as the tree which erstwhile had given shelter to his childish years. Mindful of the daily twice-repeated words in the Little Office of Our Lady, "Let peace be in thy strength,"[1] St. Simon calmly awaited the crisis. Meanwhile he threw himself with renewed ardour at the feet of the Holy Patroness of Carmel, imploring

[1] Ps. cxxi.

her to intercede with her Divine Son for her sorely-afflicted Order.

Recalling to mind the long hours of heavenly contemplation spent amid the flower-scented declivities of Mount Carmel, and with his thoughts full of the poetic imagery of the East, St. Simon in his sorrow composed the beautiful anthem so well known under the name of *Flos Carmeli*.

Flos Carmeli,	Flower of Carmel,
Florigera Vitis,	Blossoming Vine,
Splendor Cœli,	Splendour of Heaven,
Virgo puerpera,	Child-bearing Virgin,
Singularis.	Wonder sublime!
Mater mitis	O gentle Mother,
Sed viri nescia,	Virgin ever mild,
Carmelitis	The graces of Carmel
Da privilegia,	Grant to thine own,
Stella Maris!	O star of the sea!

One day whilst reciting it with more than ordinary fervour Our Blessed Lady appeared to him, surrounded by angels; in her hand a long double piece of brown cloth known in the East under the name of Scapulary.

This vision took place at Cambridge on the 16th July 1251.

It is recorded thus by Peter Swannington, brother in religion, secretary and intimate friend of the Saint:—"The Blessed Simon, bent with age, enfeebled by continual austerities, nevertheless continually spent his nights in prayer, interceding for his afflicted and persecuted brethren. It happened that one day, kneeling in prayer, he was blessed with celestial consolation, the details of which he imparted to us when assembled together in community. 'Dearly beloved brethren,' he began, 'blessed be God, who has not abandoned those who confide in him, and who has not despised the prayer of His servants. Blessed be the most Holy Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, mindful of the tribulations which encompassed you in past

days, and which to many of you (forgetful that followers of Christ must endure persecution) seemed overwhelming, addresses you these words, which receive with joy in the Holy Spirit. I pray this same Holy Spirit to direct my tongue, so that I may impart these words to you in a worthy manner.

"'While I poured out my soul in prayer before God, acknowledging myself to be but dust and ashes, I also supplicated at the same time the Blessed Virgin, my Queen, begging of her that as she benevolently allows us to call ourselves her friars (*fratres*), she would also give evidence that she is our Mother, by delivering us from our calamities and by winning for us, by some outward and visible sign of her protection, the consideration and esteem of our persecutors. I was saluting her with tender love as "the Flower of Carmel, Blossoming Vine, Splendour of Heaven, Star of the Sea," when she appeared to me holding in her hand the Habit of our Order and saying unto me, "This is the pledge of the privilege granted to thee and to all Carmelites: he who shall piously die wearing this habit shall be preserved from eternal flames."

"'And while I remained in a transport of joy and happiness greater than anything you can imagine, yet, at the same time finding it impossible to sustain long the sight of so much majesty, she disappeared, saying that I had but to send a deputation to our Holy Father Innocent, the Vicar of her Son, and that he would not fail to relieve our troubles. Brethren, treasure these words in your hearts and make your election sure by good works, and never faint. Watch and offer thanksgiving to God for so much mercy; pray without ceasing, so that the word spoken by the Blessed Virgin to me may be glorified to the praise of the most holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and of the ever blessed Virgin Mary.'"

St. Simon afterwards wrote an account of his vision, dated 16th July 1251, which was for many years kept locked up among the archives of the Carmelite Friary at

Bordeaux. John Chèron, prior of the Friary, caused it first to be inserted in his work *Vindiciæ Scapularis*. Our Blessed Lady's words were again cited in the year 1348, in the *Scutum Carmelitarum*, by William of Coventry.

"Watch and pray," says St. Simon. "Make your election sure by good works."

Therefore the fact must not be lost sight of, that the mere wearing of the scapular is of little avail without the practice of a life conformable with the privilege of being clothed with the celestial insignia.

The subsequent visions of Pope John XXII., and the Bull known as Sabbatine, do not come into the scope of this little biography. They will be found in manuals dealing with the scapular, notably in that on the *Meaning and Use of the Scapular*, by Cardinal Vaughan. Suffice it to say that no confraternity has received a greater number of approbations from Sovereign Pontiffs than that of the Scapular. Nineteen Popes have approved and confirmed it by publishing some forty bulls and rescripts in its favour.

At the time of the Wycliffe heresy, which attacked all indulgences, the English Carmelites begged of Pope Alexander V. the confirmation of the Sabbatine Bull. This pontiff, following the example of John XXII., implored the powerful help of the Blessed Virgin for the Church (which at that time was threatened with a violent schism) and acceded to the wishes of the Carmelites. The original of this Bull was long kept amongst the archives of the Order, at the Carmelite monastery at Whitefriars in London. But in the reign of Henry VIII., at the time of the ruthless spoliation of the monasteries, they were destroyed, and the Carmelites lost their most precious manuscripts and memorials.

The friars of Our Blessed Lady's Order suffered severely at the hands of the so-called reformers. Numbers of them were imprisoned, exiled, and scattered: over forty of their monasteries were ravaged and desecrated. Their library,

which contained one of the finest collections of rare and ancient manuscripts in London, and which is mentioned by Cobbett, was burnt. A few valuable Carmelite manuscripts are now reposing in the library of the University of Cambridge.

The full prosperity of the Carmelite Order in England, prior to the Reformation, dates from the latter days of St. Simon Stock's generalship. Abbot Gasquet, in his interesting work *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, speaks of them in the thirteenth century as being "simple and homely, and spreading through the country as if an Order of native origin."

The apparition of the Blessed Virgin to St. Simon at Cambridge was followed by numberless miracles obtained through the medium of the Confraternity of the Holy Scapular, which was established by St. Simon. The faithful flocked to Cambridge to be invested with the holy insignia. Nobles and serfs concurred in giving honour to the livery of Mary.

After the death of St. Simon, Edward II. founded several Carmelite monasteries; amongst others, those of Scarborough, and Hitchin in Hertfordshire. He gave them his own manor for residence at Oxford, situated at Northgate without the walls.[1] He also enlarged the original first friary at Aylesford, also those of Yarmouth in Norfolk, Boston in Lincolnshire, Berwick in Northumberland, and Kingston-in-Hull. Himself, his Queen and their children, one and all, were enrolled in the new confraternity. Their example was followed by other kings and queens of England and Scotland. The Confraternity spread from Great Britain to the Continent. Persons of every condition of life throughout Christendom have worn and still wear the scapular.[2]

The little insignificant-looking brown badge is, as it were,

[1] The first Carmelite foundation in Oxford was made in the thirteenth century.

[2] *Meaning and Use of the Scapular*, by Card. Vaughan.

the sacramental of Mary's love for us—the outward and visible sign of her invisible and constant protection.

Amid the turbulent waters of human life there are swimmers strong and able to whom such spiritual life-belts have never seemed necessary—while others would perhaps have sunk without their aid. There are certain characters resembling climbing plants who will rise to any heights with support ever at hand to lean upon; but once the props withdrawn, like delicate creepers they will lose their grip and foothold. To such, the scapular, with its constant reminder of Our Lady's protection, will be an unfailing means of strength.

A mother's heart is always tenderest towards the child that requires her constant care. In the world-wide family which Our Lady gathered to her bosom at the foot of the Cross, how numerous are the frail and delicate ones! We may feel assured that when she appeared to St. Simon Stock and made to him the afore-mentioned promises, that her thoughts were full of the sick and ailing of her children. Hence the tender and loving thought of the scapular.

We have seen how St. Simon's love for Our Blessed Lady dated from his earliest childhood, and how the Hail Mary had been the first words his childish lips had formed. In the Kentish forest he had whispered the name of Mary to the leaves and the breezes, and had sanctified his wooded haunts by endless repetitions of loving prayer and praise. His last breath was spent in uttering the beautiful words which the Church has added to the Angelical Salutation.

St. Simon died at Bordeaux in the midst of a course of visits he had been making to different towns in Belgium and France for the purpose of founding Confraternities of the Holy Scapular. His relics have always been much venerated in the town of Bordeaux, where they still repose. In 1820 Pope Pius VII. caused his feast to be observed as a Double throughout the Bordeaux diocese. The Carmelites in Kensington are in possession of one of the largest relics of St. Simon. It was brought over from France by

Father Hermann Cohen in 1864, two years after the re-establishment of a community of Whitefriars in England.[1]

Much of the history of St. Simon Stock is lost in cloudy legend; a great part of it has been handed down to us by tradition. At the time of the sacking of the monasteries, precious manuscripts were taken from the well-ordered libraries, and scattered in all directions. Along with many other Carmelite treasures the biography of St. Simon Stock by his contemporary, William of Coventry, was lost. A diligent search is now being made for it; its recovery would throw fuller light on the facts of the Saint's life.

If we glance at what up to the present has been collected, and taking the substantial with the insubstantial, we shall find that, like a strong, firm thread, veneration for the Holy Mother of God links together all the events of our staunch old English Saint's life. It is bound fast round poetical legend, fact, and tradition.

Love of Our Blessed Lady was deeply ingrained in the religion of our ancestors. In the country that earned the name of "Our Lady's Dowry," it was a natural and easy growth. May our prayers, joined to St. Simon's intercession, obtain a harvest of souls for the Church, and swell the ranks of those who, like our forefathers, glory in wearing the livery of Mary. *Felix cœli porta*, we sing in the beautiful vesper hymn at close of day. In the evening of life, sons and daughters of Mount Carmel, enriched with the privileges of the Confraternity of the Holy Scapular and faithful to its graces, will surely turn with confidence to her who is invoked as "Portal of the Sky." And in after life, when at last purified and cleansed from all earthly stain, they will look to her, for confirmation of that exquisite sentence of the Psalmist: "With joy and gladness shall they be brought: they shall be led into the temple of the King."

[1] See *Father Hermann*. Catholic Truth Society. 1d.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
60 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

THE CONSERVATIVE GENIUS OF THE CHURCH

By WILFRID WARD [1]

I WISH to say a few words on a phenomenon apparent on the surface of the history of the Church, which has a very practical application to our own time. And if for a few minutes I have to dwell on events far removed from the present, I would ask you to give them patient attention. Before concluding, I hope to show how closely they bear on problems which are just now before the minds of many English Catholics, and what light is thrown by the past on a true solution of present difficulties.

The Church has from its beginning lived amid the world, and has had to face the characteristic social and intellectual movements of each successive age. The first thing that strikes one from the days of the very first heretics—the Gnostics—to the days of the Church's last assailants—the Agnostics—is her attitude of uncompromising resistance to rival theories of life, which strove to dictate to her and bend her to their will. From the days of the Gnostics to those of Abelard, from Abelard to Luther, from Luther to Lamennais, the same thing has been apparent. The Gnostics

[1] A Paper read at the Catholic Conference, 1900.

tried to force Christianity to identify itself with a fanciful philosophical system, and banished the Old Testament and the historical groundwork of the faith; Abelard—as St. Bernard bitterly complained in his letters—tried to base faith purely on the dialectics of Aristotle and on human reason, omitting altogether from his account the humility of faith, the sense of mystery apparent in the theology of the Fathers; Luther practically banished the office of the Church in mediating between God and the soul, and advocated individual private judgment in interpreting the Scriptures; Lamennais wished to commit the Church to a theory of unfettered liberalism. To accept any of these systems would have been to sacrifice her own authority and her own individuality. In each case the Church was confronted with a form of *rationalismus*, or its twin sister *liberalismus*. But there was only one *ismus* which she could accept—*Christianismus*. She had to guard the revelation handed down. Any system which professed to be complete and yet ignored the mysterious truth committed to her, or gave a rival account of life or of faith and presumed to dictate to her, was in the first instance met by her with the weapons of sheer resistance.

The second phenomenon is that all the systems she opposed contained elements which were good and true. And from not one did she fail ultimately to assimilate something, in most cases a great deal, once their aggressive character had been broken by her resistance. "She broke them in pieces," writes Cardinal Newman, and then he significantly adds, "she divided the spoils." Readers of Cardinal Newman's *Essay on Development*, and of Professor Harnack's *History of Dogma*—which we value for its facts, however often we may reject its theories—know how much the Church adopted of the methods and ideas which, in aggressive combination, formed the Gnostic heresies. The very method of applying the intellect systematically

to the truths of faith, according to both writers, originated with the Gnostics. And dogmatic theology not only adopted that method, but availed itself of much of the Greek philosophy which the Gnostics had used against orthodoxy. The dialectical method of Abelard, again, and his devotion to the philosophy of Aristotle, so strenuously opposed by St. Bernard and the orthodox of the twelfth century, became in the hands of St. Thomas Aquinas the instruments of faith. Even Luther's undisciplined and exaggerated pleas contained a protest against real corruption and formalism within the Church; and the counter-reformation of the Jesuits and their allies included a revival of the inner life of the soul which showed that the Church was ready to appropriate grains of truth and salutary warnings even from her most implacable enemies. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* Lastly, while in the Encyclical *Mirari vos* Gregory XVI. condemned the liberalistic theory of Lamennais, we have seen ever since its appearance, among the most orthodox in Lamennais's own country from Lacordaire himself to the Comte de Mun and M. Harmel, active sympathy with the democracy. There has been a gradual development of popular organization and freedom of association (which Lamennais so strongly urged) within the Church, although Lamennais's attempt to identify the Church with the liberalistic and democratic principle was crushed once and for all.

When I ascribe this double phenomenon in Church history, of resistance and subsequent assimilation, to the conservative principle of the Church, I may at first appear to maintain a paradox. It may be urged that the first attitude—of opposition to aggressive novelty—is an exhibition of the conservative principle; but that the second—the subsequent assimilation of portions of what was rejected—is not. To this I would reply that to identify Conservatism simply with the rejection of what is extraneous and new in

form is to identify it with a principle of decay. To preserve a building we must indeed resist those who would pull it down; but we must also repair it, replace what is worn out by what is new, and fit it to last in the varying conditions of life. True conservatism involves constructive activity as well as resistance to destructive activity. Periodical reform and reconstruction belong to its very essence.

And now I think we have reached the heart of the matter. There are two classes of enemies to the true conservatism which would preserve for present use an ancient building—those who would pull it down, and those who would leave it untouched, without repairs, without the conditions which render it habitable in the present, superstitiously fearing that to alter it *in any respect* is to violate what is venerable and sacred. Had Napoleon bombarded Venice when he took it, a hundred years ago, and destroyed the Palace of the Doges, he would have ruined a noble and ancient building. But had the Municipality last year failed to note the undermining and sapping effect of the gradual action of the water in the Canal, and omitted to take active steps for its repair and preservation, they too would have been destroyers. Their passivity and false conservatism would have been as ruinous to the ancient fabric as the activity and aggressiveness of the most reckless bombardment.

And so the Church, with a true and not a false conservatism, has in the past resisted both classes of foes. The aggressive movements of the times she has opposed. To yield to them would have been to identify herself with partly false, partly one-sided and exaggerated phases of thought, and lose her own authority and her own individual character. But each movement witnessed to a real advance of human thought, new truth amid new error, and to fresh developments of human activity. It

supplied *material* for repairs and reconstruction within the Church, although it was unacceptable as a whole. "The sects," writes Cardinal Newman, "contained elements of truth amid their error." Had the Church been content with a false conservatism—the conservatism of mere resistance to innovation—and so remained passive, having escaped the dangers of aggression, she would have succumbed to the danger of decay. She alternated instead, not between resistance and passivity, but between resistance and the most active process of adaptation and assimilation. The new phases of thought which the various philosophical and religious movements represented, the incidental truths they brought to light, had all to be taken account of and utilized. New conditions had to be met, new secular truths assimilated. New methods which were entering into the very life of the age had to be introduced into the Church.

The difference between the two processes is, as Cardinal Newman has pointed out, that the first process, of resistance, is the work of authority, of Rome itself; the second, of assimilation, is the work of individuals, authority only tolerating and not necessarily helping it, until it is so far tested that authority can more or less ratify what individuals have initiated.

The palmary instance of this assimilative activity—because the change was greatest—was the complete adaptation of theology to Aristotelian philosophy and to dialectical treatment by St. Thomas Aquinas. A reader of St. Bernard's letters would deem it almost impossible that, in the century following his time, a system should prevail in the Church containing so much which St. Bernard bitterly resented and condemned in Abelard. The feat was accomplished by a saintly theologian, who was devoted to and impregnated by both the Aristotelian philosophy and the Catholic tradition of the Fathers. The patristic tradition

preserved the necessary conservative element in the new system. It was a gigantic scheme of conservative reform, a signal protest against the "fossilism" which calls itself conservative, the lines of the new system being mainly determined by the intellectual conditions of the time. Averroes and Avicenna, the Arabians, and Maimonides the Jew, had marked out the *terrain* of philosophical discussion. With the latter as an ally, and the former largely as opponents, St. Thomas went over the whole ground to be covered without flinching, and left the monuments of his work which we possess—the *Summa contra Gentiles* and the *Summa Theologica*. What in Abelard had been negative and destructive became in St. Thomas's pages constructive; and the paradox was realized which Harnack describes in these words, "The negative theologian (Abelard) really laid the foundation for the classical structure of mediæval conservative theology."

The fundamental difference between false conservatism and true conservatism is that the former is blind and passive, the latter open-eyed and active. Both recognise that the Church's business is to preserve the theological structure whereby the original revelation is protected, but the former tends blindly to cling to the *status quo*, the latter insists on surveying the building, renewing what is decayed, replacing what is worn out, examining intelligently whether a particular part of the construction now does the work for which it was originally intended.

And now to apply these remarks to our present conditions in England.

We are in some respects in a period of transition. The days when Catholics were excluded from public life—from Parliament, from the Universities, from the liberal professions—are, it is true, long past; but the habits which those days had created long survived. Catholics, until quite recently, passed all the critical years of education, apart

from any non-Catholic influences, in their own schools and colleges. In after-life, to a very large extent, they held aloof from their fellow-countrymen. There was a Catholic club. There were in every class groups of friends, all Catholics, forming their own society. This state of things is giving place to another. In the Universities, in London clubs, in the general world, Catholics are more and more coming to associate freely with their neighbours.

One noteworthy consequence of this, with which I am here concerned, does not apply to all who attend this Conference or to all members of the Catholic Truth Society. It applies especially to a comparatively small number, yet an important section. Those who in the Universities or elsewhere are keenly interested in the social, intellectual, or scientific movements of the time find themselves face to face with a number of problems which are freely discussed. And they find it sometimes assumed as evident by their non-Catholic friends that the Church is hopelessly reactionary, and does not face or realize conclusions which are, to those with whom they associate, the assured conquests of modern society. To fix our ideas with obvious instances, they see those outside the Church busy adapting Christian teaching to modern biblical criticism, and to the broad results of the evolutionary hypothesis. They see that so far as the Church herself has taken a public line in these questions it has been almost entirely hostile. The general drift of the Encyclical *Providentissimus* is against the results and even the methods of the Higher Criticism. The most notorious attempt of a Catholic theologian to adapt the Evolution theory to Catholic teaching—Father Zahm's work—has been officially checked.

Now, if we realize the systematic action of the Church in the past, to which I have called attention, the difficulty presented by this attitude is far less than appears at first sight. It is a patent fact that both the Higher Criticism

and the theory of Evolution were first brought prominently before the European mind in a form hostile to Christianity. The first instinctive action of self-protection, of conservatism, on the part of the Church, has been necessarily to oppose them. But while the broad, official, authoritative action of the Church is still maintaining an attitude of opposition, many Catholics in England, Germany, France, and elsewhere are, in the retirement of their studies, working out a *modus vivendi* between Faith on the one hand and the assured or probable results of Science and Criticism on the other. It is a very close parallel to what happened in the thirteenth century in reference to Aristotle's philosophy. Frederick Schlegel has described how in that century "the inclination of the age to absolute modes of thinking," and other causes, created an "irresistible rage for Aristotle, reputed as he was to contain the very essence of all liberal science and philosophy." And Aristotle was imported from the East with the comments of the Arabians, Averroes and Avicenna, who gave a pantheistic character to his teaching. The danger to the faith of his Christian readers was great. The public official action of the Church was largely hostile to the whole movement. The Council of Paris in 1210 ordered Aristotle's metaphysical works to be burnt. Five years later, by order of Innocent III., Robert de Courçon, a papal legate, forbade the faithful to read them. A superficial observer, or an upholder of the principles of modern liberalism, might well have said that the Church was hopelessly reactionary, in opposing *the* characteristic intellectual movement of the time. But in those very years there was *also* proceeding a movement of assimilation. Albertus Magnus was already at work sifting Aristotle and adapting him to Christian Theology. And before the century was finished all official opposition was withdrawn, and St. Thomas Aquinas had completed what his master began.

The official opposition, which protected the Church from being overrun by a rationalistic and pantheistic movement, did *not* prove that in the event the Church could not come to terms with all that was good or even tolerable in the Metaphysics which had been at first, from circumstances, dangerous to the faith. And it is equally true now that while the official attitude of the Church is suspicious or hostile, the very best Catholic thought is effecting the desired reconciliation. Both functions of the conservative principle in the Church are being carried on.

But now we come to a further difficulty. It may be plausibly urged that the conditions of the nineteenth century are not those of the thirteenth; that modern thought now inevitably penetrates to the Christian people; that rapidity of discriminating assimilation is now a far more pressing need; that even temporary *intransigeance* may be unavailing and disastrous. Authority (it may be said) is so intent on opposition that it unduly retards the assimilative action which takes place slowly in spite of it. It discourages and opposes it. This is, I think, a fair matter for investigation. If in this or that case the particular form of opposition adopted is useless, if it attempts to keep people from knowing theories which everyone must know, and with this impracticable object forbids the freedom required for dealing with them from a Catholic point of view, Catholics must suffer. But assuming that there is some truth in this supposition, those who desire that such a state of things should be modified must not fail to bear in mind, in their forecast of what is possible or practicable, the exigences of the conservative genius of the Church. Reform, adaptation to new circumstances may be needed now, as it has been so often in the past, but it must be what I have called "conservative reform." The principle of caution and resistance to dangerous movements is not abrogated because its action, to be effectual, must be modified.

No doubt since the Reformation, the forces of resistance have been much more developed in the Church's theology than the forces of assimilation. The tremendous revolt of half of Christendom called for a strenuous movement, within the Church, of militarism and self-defence, and rendered very difficult the more liberal policy required for assimilation. The new state of things inaugurated in the present century, when many old controversies are practically spent, when we need the best and most open-eyed and fairest treatment of all contemporary thought, is at variance with the polemical and repressive habits which the Reformation of necessity inaugurated. The martial law which a state of siege necessitates would dwarf the normal development of the community in time of peace. This, I think, is very fairly maintainable. And thus we find Catholics in many countries urging the necessity of the cultivation of intellectual habits and training adapted to a new state of things. Authority is (presumably) glad to know the experience of those who are trying to serve the Church, and find themselves handicapped by conditions which are applicable mainly to a different state of society.

In general, if the Church is losing touch with or the power to control any deep movement in the hearts of men, something is probably out of repair in the machinery she employs. Such great orders as Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits, have owed their very foundation to temporary defect of this kind within the Church. They were new mechanisms to answer new needs. It is not, I need hardly say, a question of the faith, but of the effectiveness of some portion of the machinery used by the Church in dealing with the world around her.

The practical question in individual cases which may concern us is how to deal with particular parts of the machinery which may have become ineffective. There are

three programmes proposed which I will state in homely popular language. The radical says in effect, "Cast it away as useless." The false conservative says, "Leave it alone. It is impious to touch it, or to examine whether it is in or out of repair." The true conservative reformer says, "Thoroughly overhaul the machinery until you find out exactly what is wrong; mend it and fit it for existing conditions." For example, the question has recently been asked—I mention it only to illustrate my meaning—Do priests find the proportion of attention devoted in their training to scholastic philosophy and the Aristotelian method a hindrance to their fully understanding and influencing those whom they are called upon to understand and influence? I am not proposing to ask this question, which is outside the sphere of our discussion here; I give it only as a concrete example which illustrates the three programmes which have been proposed in such cases. The radical reformer will say—indeed, *has* said—"Sweep the system away." That is to say, "Bombard St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace, and build a modern church and palace in their place." The false conservative will say, and has said, "Leave the system precisely as it stands. The structure is sacred. To consider its effectiveness under modern conditions is a want of faith." That is to say, "Let the water do its worst to the foundations. The Palace of the Doges must last for ever." The advocate of conservative reform may claim the analogy of the Church's action in the past in regarding both these programmes as fatalistic and unintelligent. He has good precedents when he urges, "Examine the structure. Repair it where it is necessary. Consider Scholasticism not as what it is not—a part of Revelation; but see intelligently what work it was intended by the Church to accomplish, and how far it does that work now. Its *form* was originally intended not as the maintenance of something ancient and

sacred, for it was entirely new—an adaptation to the times, to the *new* intellectual fashion. Nevertheless, in that form the best theological thought and even parts of revelation have subsequently been expressed. *These* must be guarded as sacred. How far is it possible to preserve its permanent legacy of Catholic thought, and yet to make theology do in the most effective way what it was meant to do—influence and affect the religious thought of the day, now that mediæval *form* does *not* appeal to the intellect of the age?" Here is an important and most practical problem which needs full consideration among those whom it concerns.

Take, again, the social movement. To press the theories of socialism on the Church is to court rebuff from those in authority. It is exactly such an "ism" which the Church must oppose. Yet this is what radical reformers would more or less attempt. But for the Church to hold its place and influence in a democratic age is a real and most practical problem, a problem which Leo. XIII. has so boldly faced in the Encyclica *Rerum novarum*. Those who would simply resist the democracy are not real conservatives. For simply to resist it is to fail to preserve the influence of Catholicism on the people. In this department, as in others, the forces of contemporary thought and life would undermine the Church if the Church did not deal with, understand, and partly assimilate them.

Take, again, the modern cry for liberty of discussion and the liberty for all to read what they please. The radicals would simply open the door wide to such a programme. The Church has always guarded the faith of the weak, has always recognised the plain fact that wild, random, unbelieving talk or reading may upset their faith. "Novelty," says Cardinal Newman, "is often error for those who are unprepared for it from the refraction

with which it enters into their conceptions." The Church cannot sweep aside the principle on which she has always acted. The real question is, Does the existing machinery for controlling the dangers attendant on the free circulation of heresy and dangerous reading do its work? The days when to prevent the reading of any heretical statement was the great aim were very different from the present—in which practically many of us must know most of what is said against the Church and the faith, and our great desire is to find the most effective antidote. An honest and able, though not faultless, attempt to grapple with difficulties may save the faith of many. If an over-scrupulous theologian finds one statement of doubtful orthodoxy in far the ablest Catholic work on the subject, and banishes the book, it may well be that the loss is great, the gain infinitesimal. The faultlessly orthodox works on the subject—so pleads one whose faith is tried—may be colourless and inadequate; excellent reading for those who know nothing of the difficulties, worse than useless for those who do. The forbidden book may be the one useful one. This is but one aspect of a large and important question.

So, too, with the Higher Criticism. Catholics cannot now ignore or simply oppose it. Its extremest conclusions already stand condemned by Christianity. It now remains to perform the second operation—to examine carefully and candidly what are the true conclusions to which it should lead us. And those who are attempting this work plead that for its effective performance a large measure of freedom for themselves of provisional tolerance on the part of theological censors is needed.

One word more. These and many similar necessities press upon many minds in England and America according as they come into contact with the special problems concerned. To one man biblical criticism seems all in all. To another receptiveness in philosophy appears most im-

portant; to another the sympathy of the Church with the democracy. Our mixed populations belong to many creeds, yet with many common aims and aspirations help to bring about this condition of things. The people we meet raise the questions, and we desire to be able to treat them intelligently. We know that where Catholics live apart from their neighbours, such problems are less urgent. What is no irksome infringement of the liberty demanded for effectual action in a Spanish Catholic may be so for an educated Englishman or American. And general rules from headquarters which are obviously satisfactory in one case may be unsatisfactory in the other. In a vast empire like the Catholic Church this is at times inevitable. And it is beyond doubt that, when rules do not apply because they were made for other circumstances, the rulers desire full information as to the practical difficulties of the situation. Each man who finds such rules practically impossible to obey would be urged by them to make representations to that effect in the proper quarters.

And here we find a difference as to the appropriate method—a most important difference. We may either take the view of practical men: "Here is a matter of interest to us all, to the authorities as much as to ourselves. How can we best obtain full and fair consideration for it?" Or we may simply grumble and abuse the authorities and the Church, and echo the slanders of her enemies, without taking practical steps to make difficulties understood, or reduce them to their true dimensions. This is the old programme of the born grumbler, to bury his talent and abuse his employer: "Lord, I knew that thou wert a hard master." There are constitutional methods of placing before the authorities local and special difficulties, and these are the normal means of obtaining consideration for them. And in what spirit should this be done? Gregorovius, in his great work on Mediæval Rome, has traced—in

pages which, in spite of the writer's position as external to the Church, often make even the Catholic reader realize its genius in a new way—the grandeur and power of that Mediæval Christendom, with Rome at its head, which survives in the Catholic Church. The German historian describes the Christian Commonwealth as being the lineal heir to some of the greatest traditions of the Roman Empire, while it replaced the guiding spirit of old Rome by the Christian ideal. And the Empire would never have been what it was but for the loyalty of its citizens and their pride in the city of the Cæsars. "*Civis Romanus sum*," "I am a Roman citizen," was the basis of their appeal where their liberty was infringed. But it was also a symbol of proud devotion and of loyalty to the city. And is it too much to hope that this double quality will always be preserved by the citizens of the greater Empire of the Catholic Church, with Rome at its head, with Christian enthusiasm substituted for Pagan pride? If a Roman citizen saw that a provincial governor was about to violate such liberties or rights as the constitution allowed him, what was his redress? Did he at once malign the Cæsar, sneer at Roman greatness, abuse the Roman people, unite with the enemies of Rome and conspire against existing authority? If so, the Roman lictors would have quickly ended his proceedings with their axes. On the contrary, his first protest was the expression of pride in Rome and trust in its protection. "*Civis Romanus sum*, I am a Roman citizen." His next was an appeal to the sympathy and protection, not of the enemies of Rome, but of the Roman people and their chief: "*Appello Cæsarem;* I appeal to Cæsar." And is it too much to expect that the members of our own Imperial Church will have at all events as much trust and loyalty as their Pagan prototypes? Loyalty and faith in the representatives of the Church on earth, trustfulness that they will realize the ideal of their station,

raise the Christian people and sustain its rulers. Petty cavilling and criticism creates distrust and dissension all round. To court the applause of the enemies of the Church by abusing its authorities is unworthy of the best Roman as of the best Christian traditions.

Emergencies may arise in times of transition. It may be lawful—it may be a duty on special occasions—to urge special or local necessities, or to bring before those in authority the practical difficulties of the situation. But a Catholic's final duty is to obey authority in its rightful sphere. And at whatever cost it should be his pride. If we desire the law to respect our liberties, we must ourselves respect the law. Justice may miscarry; or he who has urged the difficulties of the situation, and its requirements, may have been unwise or wrong. In any case, the ground of his appeal is the ground of his submission: "*Civis Romanus sum*," "I am a Catholic."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

208
C 287
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CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
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